The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

JUNE

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&
PRING
UMBER!

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CENTRAL SERIAL RECORD

FOR VICTORY! BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

Rita Hayworth

RIKE UP YOUR OWN BAND!—*TOMMY DORSEY*

*VE YOU LOVE INSURANCE?* TYRONE POWER HAS!

W FASHIONS! VERONICA LAKE, PRISCILLA LANE

# IT TAKES A GIRL LIKE *Rita* TO PLAY A GAL LIKE SAL!

**Like old tunes? You'll get 'em.**

**Like new tunes? You'll get 'em.**

**Like laughs—riots—fun—stars?**

**You'll get 'em!**

**The great once-a-year-musical in Technicolor. See it! *It's swell!***

*Rita*
# HAYWORTH
*Victor*
# MATURE
# JOHN SUTTON
# CAROLE LANDIS

Theodore Dreiser's

# *MY GAL SAL*
## IN TECHNICOLOR

*with*
**JAMES GLEASON • PHIL SILVERS • WALTER CATLETT • MONA MARIS • FRANK ORTH**

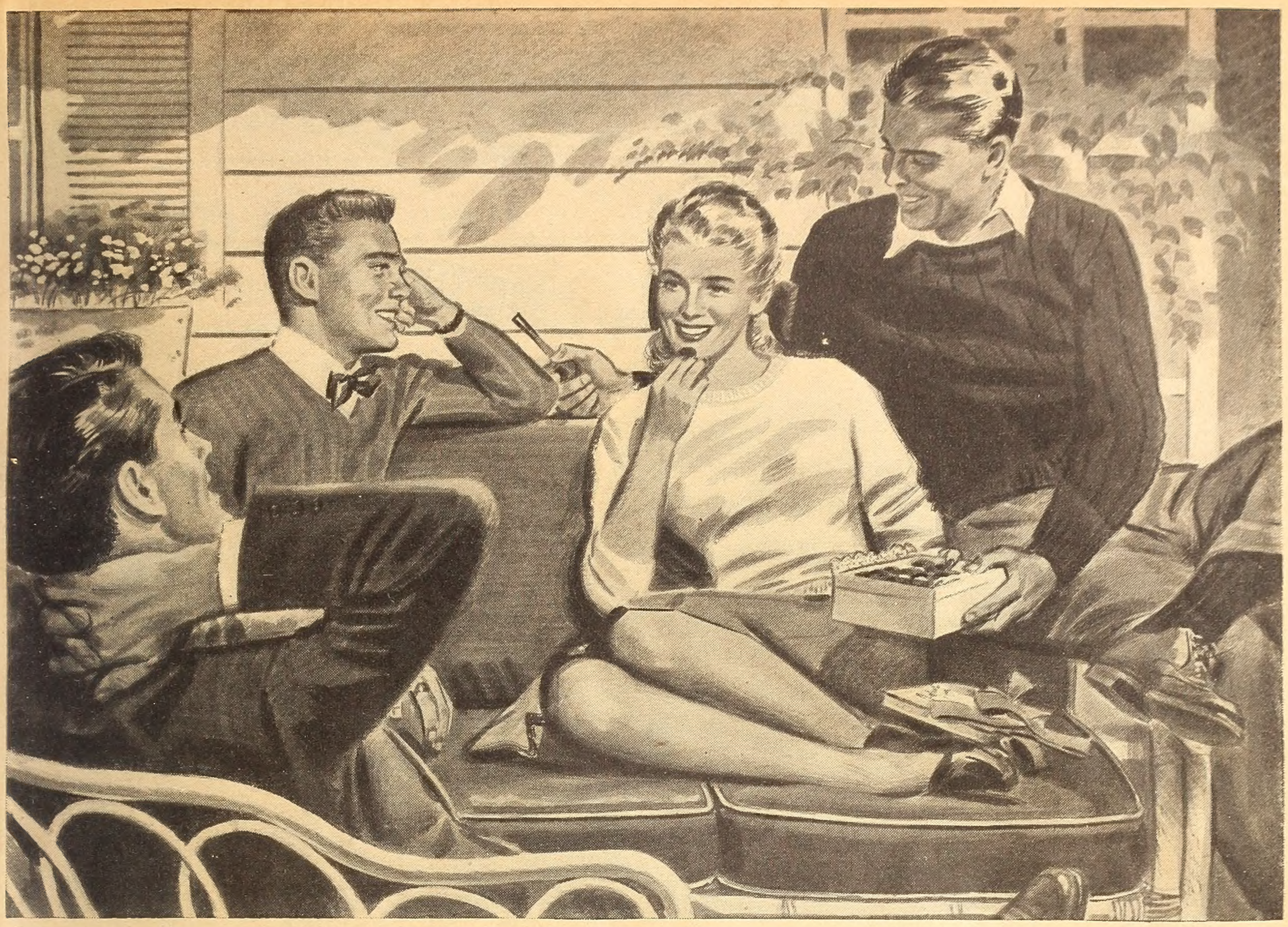
*Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER • Screen Play by Seton I. Miller, Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg*

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

*Six famous Paul Dresser songs! Including* **"ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH"** *and* **"MY GAL SAL"** *plus four new smash 1942 model hits including:* **"OH THE PITY OF IT ALL"** *and* **"HERE YOU ARE"**

WATCH FOR THESE 2 GREAT HITS!

JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO *in* **MOONTIDE** *with* Thomas Mitchell
Claude Rains



# Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

## You'll "star" in your own crowd—if your Smile is right!

**For a smile that wins friends, invites happiness—help keep yours sparkling with Ipana and Massage.**

THUMBS UP, plain girl! You don't need beauty to make your dreams come true.

You can win what you want in life, *if your smile is right.* You can be popular, successful—a star on the stage of your own special world.

But your smile must have *magnetic appeal.* It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. It must be big, warm-hearted, winning!

For that kind of a smile you must have bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on *gums that are healthy, gums that keep their firmness.*

### *Never take chances with "pink tooth brush"*

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist right away!* He may tell you your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists, he'll probably suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste from your druggist today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

*Start today with*

**IPANA and MASSAGE**

"... oh the things they do in Tortilla Flat"

**SPENCER TRACY**

as Pilon—an authority on those three essentials of the gay life—Wine, Women and Song.

**HEDY LAMARR**

as Dolores. They call her "Sweets". She's equal parts of fire and fun.

**JOHN GARFIELD**

as Danny. He inherited two houses and a watch but his eye for an attractive female was his own to begin with.

VICTOR FLEMING'S Production of JOHN STEINBECK'S

# TORTILLA FLAT

with

FRANK MORGAN

AKIM TAMIROFF • JOHN QUALEN
ALLEN JENKINS • SHELDON LEONARD
CONNIE GILCHRIST • HENRY O'NEILL
DONALD MEEK

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Benjamin Glazer
Directed by VICTOR FLEMING • An M-G-M Picture

MAY -4 1942

The Smart Screen Magazine

# SCREENLAND

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June, 1942 Vol. XLV, No. 2

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V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

*"Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire*
*Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!"*

★ ★ ★ ★

This was John Milton's idea of the gladsome month.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leo's idea is bounteous, too,
In bringing "Tortilla Flat" to you!

★ ★ ★ ★

Based on John Steinbeck's best-selling novel. A more mirthful group of folk than dwell, and love, and gambol in the place called Tortilla Flat you never did see.

There are new laurels to pin on Spencer Tracy as *Pilon*—an authority on those three essentials of the gay life—Wine, Women and Song!

★ ★ ★ ★

There's Hedy Lamarr, as Dolores. They call her "Sweets". You'll soon see why.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's John Garfield, as Danny, who inherited two houses and a watch. But his eye for an attractive female was his own to begin with.

★ ★ ★ ★

Others? Lots of them, and all good. Frank Morgan, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek, Connie Gilchrist, Henry O'Neill. A veritable galaxy. The director? A fellow named Fleming. Victor Fleming. Maybe you've heard of some of his many pictures—"Gone With The Wind", for instance. "Captains Courageous" too. A capable chap, you'll agree. Screen play by John Lee Mahin and Benjamin Glazer.

★ ★ ★

On the horizon also is Leo's speedy musical "Ship Ahoy". Coming to you in a breeze on waves of laughter with a cargo of stars and songs and swing-tunes and saucy sirens. The sirens are ship-shape.

★ ★ ★

Salutes to the carefree crew: Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert (Stage-Star) Lahr, Virginia O'Brien and the justly-famous Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

Ahoy there Director Eddie Buzzell and screen play writer Harry Clork for a see-worthy entertainment.

★ ★

To "Tortilla Flat" and "Ship Ahoy" Leo gaily tips his Spring bonnet.

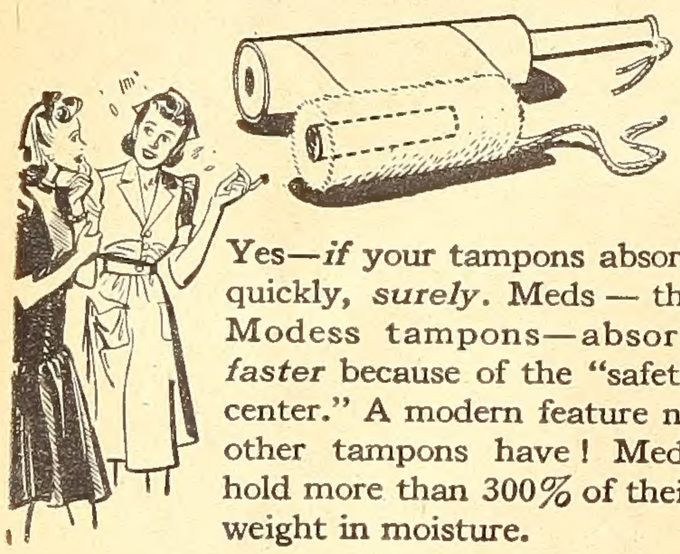
—Leo

*What's your biggest query about*

# *Tampons?*

It's smart to ask questions about a new idea like *internal* sanitary protection. For whether you already enjoy the wonderful freedom of tampons, or haven't even tried them yet—there are always new improvements, modern advantages you should know about. Are these the sort of questions *you* would ask?

*"I don't want to worry... can I be sure?"*



Yes—*if* your tampons absorb quickly, *surely*. Meds — the Modess tampons—absorb *faster* because of the "safety center." A modern feature no other tampons have! Meds hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

*"Do they really fit?"*

A leading woman's doctor, designed Meds. They're scientifically shaped to fit. That's why Meds are so *comfortable*. Insert Meds properly and you can forget the time of month. No bulges, belts, or odors! And Meds are easier to use, too. Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

*"Will I have to pay more?"*

Not on your life! Meds cost *less* than any other tampons in individual applicators. In fact, no more than leading sanitary napkins. Try Meds and compare!

**BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢**

# Meds

*The Modess Tampon*

# HOT from Hollywood

ATTENTION, Jeffrey Lynn fans! Your favorite is now stationed at Camp Crowder, Missouri, if you care to write to him. The meticulous Lynn who used to worry himself sick over the part in his hair, or how he looked in photographs, loves the Army. No petty worries are developing him into a much nicer uninhibited person. By the way, Burgess Meredith was at the same camp. Either he confused the Army or *vice versa*. Or sumpin'. He's been transferred back to the coast again!

"Uncle Sam" Crosby, top, leads a bevy of beauties in a patriotic sequence in Paramount's "Holiday Inn." Above, Bing plays gin rummy with co-star Fred Astaire (winnings go toward purchase of a Defense Bond). Crooner Crosby's son, Gary, left, pulls a "stick-up" on Dietrich on "The Spoilers" set at Universal.

BOB HOPE pulled this on Bing Crosby—so don't blame us. Bob rushed up to Bing all out of breath. "Have you heard we won't be able to get shoes after June first?" he exclaimed. "My gosh, I'll have to lay in a good supply," cried Bing. "But why would they want to take away shoes?" "Everything for defense," Bob cracked back,—and nothing for defeat" (de-feet)! Ouch!

IT'S a temporary victory for Marlene Dietrich. She's convalescing at Palm Springs and Jean Gabin has forsaken Ginger Rogers to take on a little sun tan. Don't think Ginger is having blues in the night. She just learned she's going to do a picture with Cary Grant for RKO. There's always another romance. But only ONE Cary Grant.

BARBARA STANWYCK says:

# "There's a woman like me in every great man's life!

. . . living in the shadows, taking my romance when the world isn't looking!"

BARBARA STANWYCK AND JOEL McCREA

in

"THE Great Man's Lady"

with BRIAN DONLEVY

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Screen Play by W. L. RIVER
Original Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns and Seena Owen • Based on a Short Story by Vina Delmar • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

**For Hair He'll Adore . . . Lustrous! Brilliant! . . . Try Modern Halo!**

THOUSANDS of women miss out on having glamorous, seductive hair, by making one simple mistake. They're still "soaping" their hair.

The trouble is that *all* soaps, even the finest, leave dulling soap-film on hair. Drab film that's like washbowl scum.

That's why Halo Shampoo is such an exciting find. Halo contains no soap, leaves no soap-film. Thanks to a patented new-type ingredient, Halo's billowing lather rinses away *completely,* even with hardest water. No bothering with lemon or vinegar. And besides cleansing hair of dust and excess oil, Halo removes loose dandruff.

So for fragrant, shining-clean hair, alive with highlights, bright with true color . . . Get Halo today! Generous 10c and larger sizes at any toilet goods counter.

*A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.*

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

Don't be a Hide-out use

**Hide-it**

SEE HOW SKIN-BLEMISHES VANISH FROM SIGHT!

No need to let either temporary or permanent blemishes spoil your charm. HIDE-IT conceals pimples, birthmarks, freckles, dark under-eye circles, most scars and other blemishes. Lasting... harmless ...used by millions of women.

PERFECT FOR POWDER BASE

Makes skin look smoother. Holds powder amazingly long. Large jar, $1.00 at Drug and Dept. Stores. Purse size at 10c counters—or send us 10c and shade wanted (Light, Medium, Rachelle, Brunette, Sun-tan).

CLARK-MILLNER SALES CO.
308 W. Erie St., Dept. 462, Chicago

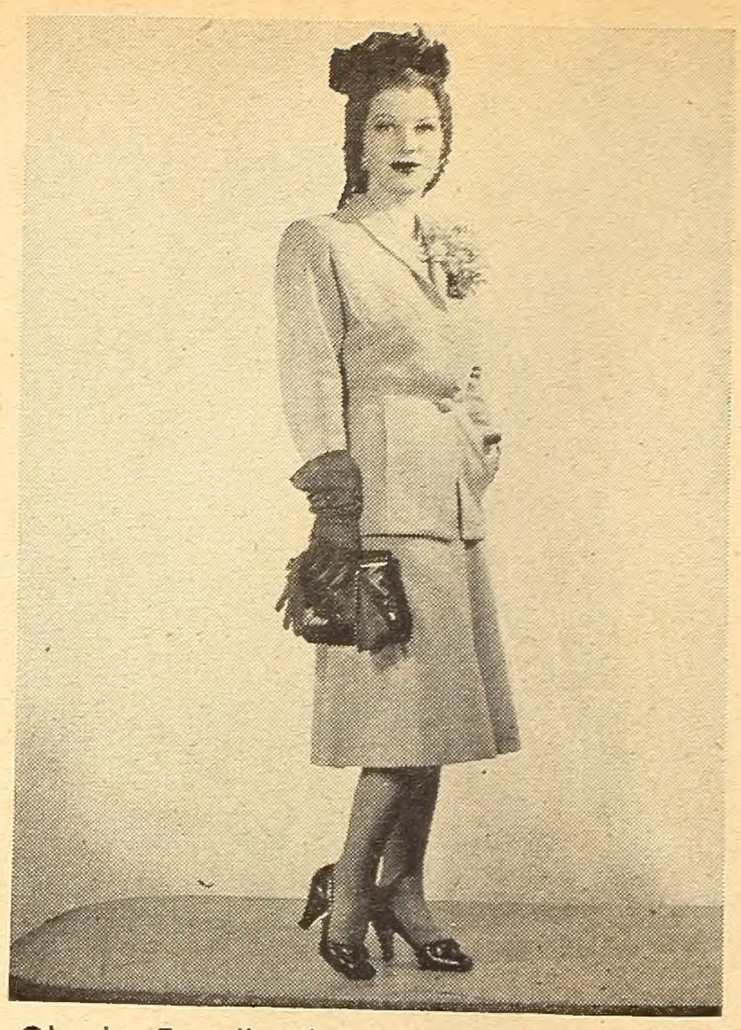

WHEN Hedy Lamarr became engaged to George Montgomery, they rushed right over and told Ann Sothern. So Ann in turn called up Bob Sterling, who rushed right over and they cracked open a special bottle of champagne. Hedy is redecorating the home she is now renting to Franchot Tone. So Franchot has to move out to make way for another bride and groom. With a safety box loaded with jewels, Hedy is so excited about George's diamond ring, she won't even take it off for movie scenes. Yes, it's love in bloom!

NEWS happens fast in Hollywood. Myrna Loy announced her final separation from Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and the Fred Astaire baby arrived, both during the same hour. Hollywood isn't too surprised about Myrna. Their second try at it has never seemed to work out. The Astaires, with two boys in the household already, are *that* thrilled over their new daughter. Fred, the proud father, moved right in the hospital and lived in a room next to his wife—in the *maternity* ward!

NORMA SHEARER startling Hollywood with the first military motif tailored suit. Gold braid and brass buttons make Norma look like a cross between the head usher at Grauman's Chinese and a page out of *Harper's Bazaar.* But on her it's smart.

EVEN high-salaried stars are readjusting their lives because of war conditions. Mary Martin is the first to sell her big Bel-Air home. With taxes soaring, the future so uncertain, Mary isn't taking any chances. She's moving into a small place that requires just one servant. Mary keeps plenty busy in her triple career of actress, housewife, and mother.

TORRID twosome: Olivia de Havilland and Clifford Odets. Olivia, who is on suspension at Warners because she didn't want to stooge for Jack Benny in "George Washington Slept Here," lunches daily in the Green Room with Odets—despite her studio difficulties. Keep your eye on 'em.



Glenda Farrell, who recently appeared in "Twin Beds," is shown, above, wearing a smart suit of pale green wool, with set in yoke, dolman sleeves and rolled collar.

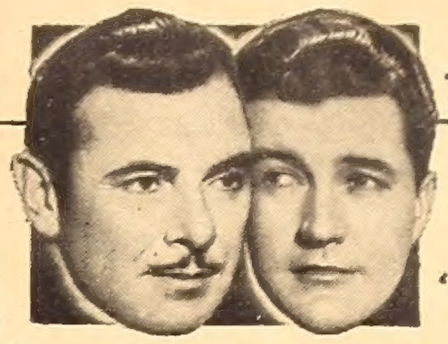
ANITA LOUISE is back on the Warner lot again. She's making a series of tests with the possibility of signing a new contract. It's a different, more matured Anita. She's lost that starry-eyed beauty, but in its place is a quality richer and warmer.

WHAT a gal is Barbara Stanwyck! At a Hollywood dinner party a rival star was telling Barbara she had seen those Dee-*VINE* magazine pictures of her in her "Ball of Fire" costume. The star wasn't being on the level and Stanny knew it. "You know," she cracked, "those were really Crawford's legs they used. It was Goddard's body. They just put my face at the top and made a composite picture!"

Gene Tierney not only sold Defense Bonds & Stamps, but added her touch to the job of putting up the huge billboard poster, above, erected in New York's Times Square as a reminder to passersby to buy Defense Bonds & Stamps *now* to keep Old Glory flying.

# sister against sister!

Love made them hate each other!

THE MEN IN  THEIR LIVES

**BETTE SAYS:** *"What I want I go after—and I get it!"*

**OLIVIA SAYS:** *"I'm going to be hard—just as hard as she is!"*

A sensational novel throbs to life! The cast is one of WARNER BROS.' best — the picture is one of Warner Bros.' biggest!

BETTE DAVIS · OLIVIA de HAVILLAND · GEO. BRENT · DENNIS MORGAN

in

# "In This Our Life"

with CHARLES COBURN · FRANK CRAVEN · BILLIE BURKE · *Directed by* John Huston

Screen Play by Howard Koch • Based Upon the Novel by Ellen Glasgow • Music by Max Steiner

**SONG POEMS WANTED**
*TO BE SET TO MUSIC*
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
**J. CHAS. McNEIL**
A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC
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**REPAIRS BROKEN GLASSES**
Repaired—48-Hr. *Supervised by Reg. Optometrist.*
U.S.Eye-Glasses Co., 1557 Milwaukee Av., Dept. 6-109, Chicago.

**DOCTORS WARN CONSTIPATED FOLKS ABOUT LAZY LIVER**

IT IS SAID constipation causes many human discomforts—headaches, lack of energy and mental dullness being but a few. BUT DON'T WORRY—For years a noted Ohio Doctor, Dr. F. M. Edwards, successfully treated scores of patients for constipation with his famous Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—now sold by druggists everywhere.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only gently yet thoroughly cleanse the bowels but ALSO stir up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT without fail! 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.

# Fans' Forum

## FIRST PRIZE LETTER
**$10.00**

Hollywood! I'm proud of you! You haven't had a cycle in ages. With the eyes of filmdom seeking fresher fields, even a fan dares to suggest:

Why not film Eric Kelly's "Trumpeter of Krakow?" It's the juvenile yarn of the century, with thrills and action that would make the grownups crowd the kiddies into the lobby. A perfect co-starring vehicle for a juvenile actor and actress.

I yearn to see Katharine Hepburn play *Mary Read,* the woman pirate. It would be a super-duper thing, with splashing waves and flashing swords, and Katie a female Errol Flynn.

Take Isabell Jewel out of moth-balls and put her into "Portrait of Jenny." Her exquisite quality matches that of Robert Nathan's book, and these two, plus a sensitive director, could make screen history.

Take a squint at the Bible, and don't look for morals, but adventure. Start with David, who was warrior, giant-killer, poet, great lover, and the greatest success story a biographer could want. But no costume pageant, please. David had dash.

And Mr. Disney, have you read "Dr. Doolittle?" If you haven't, hurry to the library! When I read it to the kiddies in my third grade class, they practically cheered in the exciting parts. It has whimsy with a wham.

**MAE H. ASHWORTH, Elgin, Ill.**

## SECOND PRIZE LETTER
**$5.00**

I have always been more disgusted than amused by the kind of publicity that Hollywood has continued to turn out the last several years, and I admit I looked upon Hollywood as a gaudy, cheap, money-mad metropolis. But something lately has made me change my mind. For the first time, although I have always been a movie fan, I find myself feeling a sincere admiration for the men and women in Hollywood. When Bob Hope and Mickey Rooney and Merle Oberon and dozens of others give freely of their time and money and talent for charity, then they are made of the "real thing." Now, I dismiss all the cheap, tawdy gossip about most of the movie stars. I have found something in many of my movie favorites to admire and be grateful for. They have shown themselves to be real and you can believe me that my enjoyment (and support) of the movies now is doubled when I realize that the actors and actresses are humane and "good guys," with as much concern and care of what is going on outside the Cocoanut Grove as Mr. John Doe.

**DAVID E. LEWIS, Halifax, N.S., Can.**

## FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
**$1.00 Each**

We women have in our minds and hearts the men whose return we are awaiting. We are going to make up from now on, more and more, the movie audience. And when we want relaxation from household tasks and Red Cross work, we're going to want comedies. And, naturally, we're going to pick the comedy which has the biggest, handsomest, nicest looking hero!

Personally, I feel that there's going to be a new, as yet undiscovered young man, who will become the ideal hero for war comedies. We want our American hero to look nice above all—remember he represents us all over the world now.

**MRS. M. JACKSON, Hyattsville, Md.**

### EVERYBODY'S WELCOME

Letters to this Forum come from all walks of life. It makes no difference whether you're a college student or housewife, secretary or sales clerk, young or old, male or female, blonde or brunette, you're all welcome to compete for one of the prizes. You can write a letter and gush about your pet star or if you disapprove of a picture, player or performance, tell us about it. Or perhaps you have some suggestions to make as the schoolteacher who won $10.00 in Defense Stamps did. Get busy and write your letter now. First prize, $10.00; second prize, $5.00; and five prizes of $1.00 each, all payable in Defense Stamps. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

A prize-winner in one of your recent issues, who gushed and gooed over Bette Davis, made me get out my typewriter and punch and peck a protest to you!

This prize-winner stated that Miss Davis was the character she played. There is where my kick comes in. Never, never is Miss Bette Davis anyone but Miss Bette Davis which is getting mighty tiresome.

In "The Little Foxes," she was supposed to be a sinister, scheming woman of the deep South, but was she? Ah, no, she was the usual, neurotic, fast-talking, jerky-moving Miss Bette Davis who quite forgot her Southern accent after her second line! You call that being "a great actress?" She'd have been carroted and turniped in the old days of real actresses.

I recall going to see a Bette Davis film with a physician friend of mine. After the show was over I asked him what he thought of her as an actress. He replied, "As an actress I didn't think of her because she isn't one, but, as a patient, ah, yes!"

**T. M. ROSE, San Francisco, Cal.**

Like nearly everyone else, I have been enjoying the films concerning Army life, but I'm inclined to think that the movies have been overshooting the comic angle, which may give the public the wrong impression as to the present military mode of living, its purpose, its spirit regarding that purpose, its sacrifices, loyalties, etc.

Therefore, I feel it is proper and fitting and that it is Hollywood's duty to get more serious in presentations having an Army background.

**PVT. TOM T. PLESE, Everett, Wash.**

Maybe he is cast only in Hitlerite rôles but despite that, Conrad Veidt deserves a few brass band toots for his own corner.

I'm more excited over seeing a film in which he appears than I am when I go to a Melvyn Douglas, Robert Taylor or Gary Cooper picture and heaven knows they're all favorites of mine!

But there's something about the suave, polished Conrad Veidt that thrills me, even when I'm delighted to see him liquidated. He's always convincing and charming. Although he always portrays sinister characters, he can make you see and believe in the philosophies of those characters even while you're rooting for the hero. He was so charming in "Escape" that I almost didn't care that he was threatening the happiness of Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor. And as the madman lover in "A Woman's Face," I couldn't help but toss him a tear or two of sympathy!

Surely as fine an actor as Conrad Veidt will be remembered long after we've forgotten about the glamor boys and girls.

**MARY DONER, Seattle, Wash.**

It seems just a short while ago that producers and theater owners were deploring the drop in patronage and were trying to find the reason and the cause for such public apathy. They hated to admit that they themselves were all the time at fault. For the failure of interest on the part of the public was due entirely to an inferior schedule of production that was an insult to public intelligence. There has been no complaint recently. The answer: Such productions as "Citizen Kane," "Sergeant York," "Philadelphia Story," "Man Hunt," "Night Train," "Suspicion," "Target for Tonight," "Tom, Dick and Harry," "How Green Was My Valley." This last picture is definite proof that the industry has at last grown up and is showing a commanding respect for the appreciation of the average movie fan. Here's hoping they keep up the good work. We'll need it.

**ABRAHAM GURVITZ, D.M.D., Boston, Mass.**


# First impressions are lasting! Always guard charm with Mum

WHO KNOWS when a chance meeting—an unexpected introduction—will bring you face to face with romance. Are you ready to meet it—sure of your daintiness—certain of your charm—certain that you're safe from underarm odor?

Millions of women rely on Mum. They trust Mum because it *instantly prevents* underarm odor—because it so *dependably* safeguards charm all day or all evening.

Remember, even a daily bath doesn't insure your daintiness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.* Let the daily use of Mum insure your charm. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today!

• • •

*FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Mum is the preferred deodorant for this important purpose, too, because it's so gentle, dependable.*

**After every bath,** and before dates, use Mum! Then you're sure underarm odor won't spoil your day or evening! Mum takes only 30 seconds—grand when you're in a hurry!

**Stay popular** with the friends you make this summer. Give romance a chance. With *convenient* Mum you never need risk underarm odor. Mum's safe for clothes, safe for skin, too!

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

**MUM** TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

**To hold a man's interest,** stay sure of your charm! Always be nice to be near! You can trust dependable Mum because, without stopping perspiration, it *prevents* underarm odor for a whole day or evening.

AVOID
LIPSTICK
PARCHING

"USE
Sub-Deb"

Your lips dominate your face; *don't* let them grow chapped and broken and parched.

Make friends with "Sub-Deb"—a treasure of a Lipstick that actually promotes silky softness—while giving you glamorous color! Yes, Coty blends a special, softening ingredient into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. Today, change to "Sub-Deb." Keep the glossy sheen that smart lips—sweet lips—must wear! $1.00 or 50¢.

Coty

TRY MAGNET RED

*Clear, thrilling red—so smart—so universally flattering! Other high-fashion colors in the brilliant Coty 9-shade collection:*

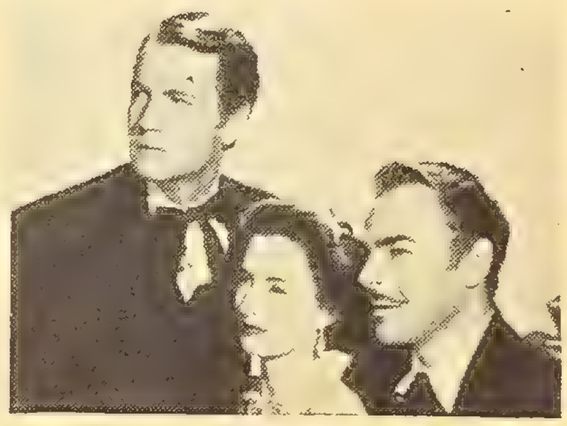
GITANE
*bright "gipsy" tones*

BALI
*luscious, siren shade*

DAHLIA
*lovely, flower-soft*

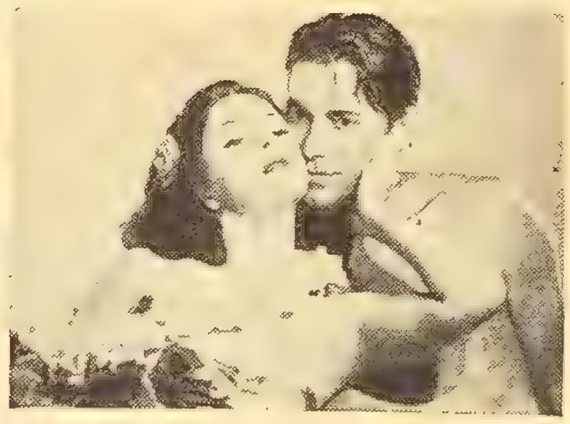
TAMALE
*ultra-chic "Latin" red*

# Tagging the Talkies



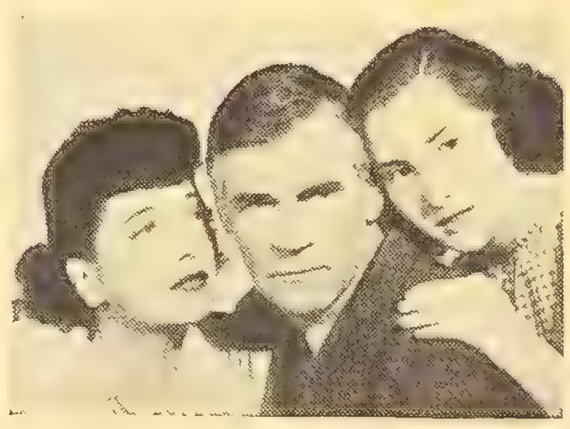
**The Great Man's Lady—Paramount**

In this sentimental saga of the Early West, Barbara Stanwyck ages from 16 to 100 as *Hanna Sempler,* who sacrificed her own happiness to help *Ethan Hoyt,* the man she loved, attain greatness. While Hoyt City honors its founder, she relates her life story to a biographer. The flash-back method of telling it slows up the action. Barbara's is a great performance; Joel McCrea, splendid as *Hoyt;* and Brian Donlevy, good as the other man. See it.



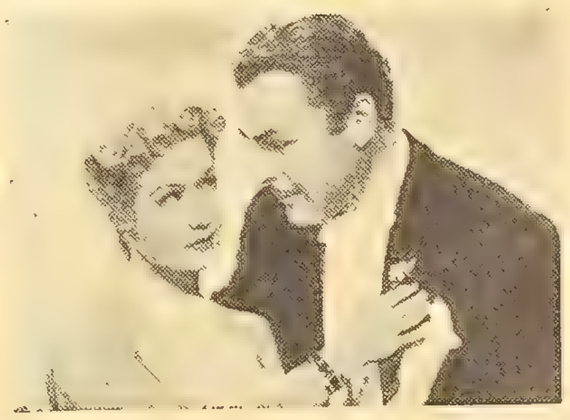
**The Tuttles of Tahiti—RKO**

This South Seas comedy-romance is a refreshing bit of screen entertainment. It's light-hearted and gay and never gets too deep or serious, making it the ideal movie for these troubled times. Its star, Charles Laughton, is good as the improvident head of a large, happy-go-lucky Tahitian family whose philosophy of life is live and make merry today and let tomorrow take care of itself. Jon Hall and Peggy Drake do nicely in the romance department.



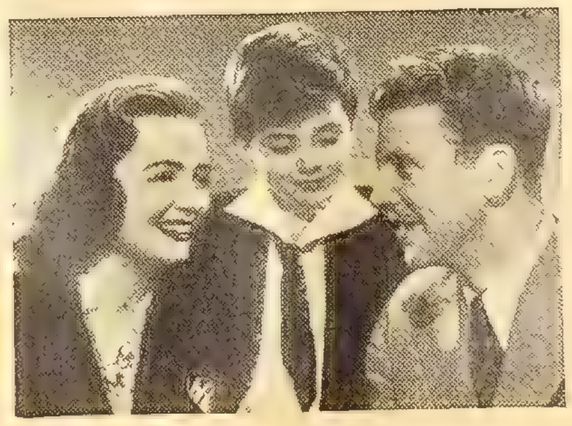
**Always In My Heart—Warners**

Here's a sentimental film for femme fans. Gloria Warren, teen-age girl with a beautiful voice, is introduced in this drama. When Walter Huston, as the convict-father whose children think he is dead, hears his ex-wife, Kay Francis, is about to remarry, he doesn't tell her about his pardon. His family learns the truth and there's a happy reunion. Fine acting by entire cast. Borrah Minevitch and his Rascals furnish music and good comedy.



**A Gentleman After Dark—United Artists**

This is the story of *Heliotrope Harry,* a crook who goes straight when his baby is born, but whose wife (Miriam Hopkins) continues her life of crime. *Harry* murders her lover and goes to prison, but escapes to stop his wife from blackmailing the Judge (Preston Foster) who has raised their daughter. *Harry* is splendidly portrayed by Donlevy. Performances by Miss Hopkins and Foster are noteworthy. Exciting. Has suspense.



**Mokey—M-G-M**

This film is a touching story about a motherless boy, *Mokey,* who has a penchant for getting into trouble. The boy's father remarries and his young stepmother, played by Donna Reed, fails to give him the affection he craves. His misdeeds are due to misunderstandings, and neglect on the part of his father, Dan Dailey, Jr. Bobby Blake, a lad whose only other film work has been in Our Gang comedies, proves he's a fine little actor. This is a good study in child psychology.

away, and there's a paper shortage, anyway. Pockets are snug enough so that the napkins in them won't blow away while guests get their food. And I'm having a pretty basket filled with fringed napkins in solid colors so guests can take fresh ones after they've tangled with the corn on the cob. After the shower, I'll have the tablecloth and napkins laundered and give them to the bride."

The bride-to-be of the ranch shower will pull her gifts from a huge hay basket where they will be hidden. Small ropes will dangle over the edge for her to pull, and controversy is now going on over whether or not the bride will be able to untie rope. It's unlucky to cut the ribbon or string on a bride's gift—she must either untie it or break it!

"The first gift drawn is supposed to come from the next girl to be engaged, the third one from the next to be married, and the seventh from the next to be a mother," related Ann, "so you can imagine the shrieks when those particular gifts are opened.

Ann's own gift won't be in the basket but will preside over it. "I'll take a broom and an O-Cedar mop and bind them together with Scotch tape," she planned, "the broom for feet, the mop for head. I'll use a man's overcoat hanger for shoulders, a small frypan for face and a large one for chest, all fastened in with Scotch tape, twisted tea towels for arms, rubber gloves for hands, chore girls for hair, dish cloths to stuff fingers and neck, and a big overall apron to cover the whole figure.

"Mother's gift will be a household repair kit. Usually a bride has faucets but no washers, lamps but no fuses, pictures but no nails, so the kit will hold plenty of those things, a small hammer, tacks, pliers, screw driver, wire, string, all a bride needs to fix up her new home."

Another gift sure to be received gratefully by any bride will be a feature of all three of Ann's showers.

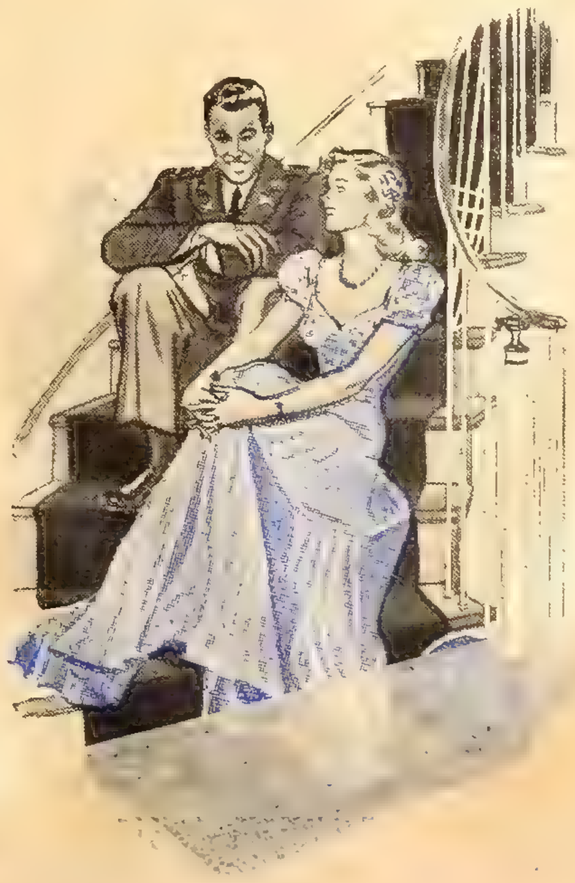
"Each guest will be asked to bring a typed copy of two of her very best company recipes and I'll have a menu file ready to put them in, and the bride will start with at least two dozen special recipes. Emily, our cook, has some any girl would love. I'll give you two for SCREENLAND's June brides."

### STUFFED BAKED POTATOES

Bake potatoes, then slit them lengthwise and scoop the inside into a bowl, butter the shells. Add butter and milk, grated Kraft American cheese and seasoning to the potatoes, with ½ teaspoon

(*Please turn to page 81*)

Above, Ann Rutherford is relaxing in the cozy Scotch plaid den of her Westwood home.




# Off to Work we Go!...

Who would have dreamed that *you* would be in uniform? You and Sis and a million other girls.

You've learned lots. About discipline and teamwork . . . things a girl can't get from just hockey and basketball. The thrill of helping America! (And knowing that Dad's plenty proud of you!)

But it wasn't easy at first . . . remember? Especially on trying days of the month. You felt you just *couldn't* carry on! You wondered how other girls managed . . . why *you* were different.

## A lesson worth remembering

It was Sis who came to your rescue! Did she sail into you the time you wanted to ditch the big reception for the boys at Camp! "Why be a deserter?" she said. "Change to Kotex sanitary napkins!"

Why? . . . because Kotex is made in soft folds so it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Then Sis put you wise to the flat, pressed ends of Kotex that keep your secret safe. To the moisture-resistant "safety-shield" that gives *extra* protection.

So now you know why Kotex is more popular than all other brands of pads put together. Now you can keep going, keep smiling . . . *every day!*

**Be confident...comfortable...carefree**

***—with Kotex★!***

to do
days"? The new booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells all. Mail
and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-6,
Chicago, for copy FREE.

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

# The Skin of an Angel

**Jeanette MacDonald's skin routine reduced to minimum time—and helpful to everyone**

## By Courtenay Marvin

WHEN Jeanette MacDonald was assigned the feminine star rôle in "I Married An Angel," the studio went into a huddle over a fake halo and wings but unanimously agreed that her skin was, indeed, like that of an angel. Miss MacDonald is one of those fortunates with a passport to heaven, according to many a girl's notion, in the way of a divine skin.

Miss MacDonald has red hair and blue eyes, and so you might expect an extreme in her skin, either very good or definitely bad. So it seems to go with redheads. But this star has that rare and altogether beautiful translucent quality, that light under the skin that reminds one of candles gleaming through ninon curtains. And it seems the result of cooperation between nature and correct, simple care. In this day of little time for foibles and fixings, it is encouraging to know that correct care is not a long, involved, intricate business, but a quick, simple, common sense routine. So down-to-earth, so time-saving and so budget-saving are Miss MacDonald's "secrets" that we reproduce them for the (*Please turn to page* 62)

Left: Miss MacDonald retouches make-up before a close-up in "I Married An Angel." Right: With that "What is so rare as a day in June?" smile, she

# New Beauty Shampoo Leaves Hair More Alluring

# SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

**Glamour for Gala Nights . . .** *Enchanting new hair-do! Front hair parted in the center, then swept up and forward into two smooth, sleek rolls. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene.*

## Thrilling new improvement in Special Drene! Hair conditioner now in it makes amazing difference . . . leaves hair lovelier, easier to arrange!

The minute you look in your mirror you'll see the difference . . . after your first shampoo with new, improved Special Drene! You'll be amazed at how much silkier and smoother your hair looks and feels . . . because of that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene. And you'll be so delighted, too, when you discover how much better your hair behaves, right after shampooing!

***Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!***

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something for your hair no soap shampoo can do —not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!*

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or ask for a professional Drene Shampoo at your beauty shop!

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

*Procter & Gamble*
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

**Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!**

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!

## Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

# "I hate to see the sun come up"

ANOTHER day of making the endless rounds, getting the same disheartening answers: "The position has been filled"... "We'll file your application"..."Sorry, but the decision was very close". Then back to the cheap room, sometimes so dog-tired she didn't even trouble to undress.

Was it for this—to have her pride slit to ribbons and her courage kicked to fragments—that she had left Spring Haven and Todd Smith? Was this the reward of a girl who everybody back home—even Professor Latimer—had said, "was simply cut out for a career"?

And now she was just about at the end of her rope. Another week and the money that Mamma had given her would be gone. "I must get a job!" she sobbed, "I must! Any kind of a job! Why can't I? What's wrong?"

Poor little, small-town Muriel! It was a long time before she found out what every big-town business girl knows by instinct:

That if your breath isn't O.K. the breaks are against you when you are looking for a job or trying to hold one. Abilities being equal, the position is likely to go to the girl whose breath doesn't offend.

*You May Offend Needlessly*

Since you yourself may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath), isn't it just common sense to guard against this offense with Listerine Antiseptic? Bad breath can be systemic, but when it's due to the fermentation of tiny food particles (as some authorities say it usually is) Listerine Antiseptic immediately halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors that it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

When you want to appear at your best, socially or in business, never omit this delightful, freshening antiseptic and deodorant precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
*St. Louis, Mo.*

DON'T DENY YOURSELF
all the good things of life.
Keep on using the new
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

*Before all engagements let LISTERINE look after your breath*

Hearts aflame! Tyrone Power in a scene with Joan Fontaine from "This Above All" illustrates the spirit that keeps love alive. Yes, this scene is acting—but in private life Ty practices what he preaches. His "Love Insurance," discussed in this story, includes a wife who is still his sweetheart (far left, below). Lovely lady in closeup is Mrs. Patia Power, wise mother of a fine son. As we go to press: Tyrone has joined the Naval Reserve and may serve in the morale division of the Navy as a chief petty officer.

THE morning I saw Ty Power on the set of "This Above All" he was drinking coffee like mad in a desperate effort to keep awake. The hand that held the cup wasn't the steadiest I've ever seen, and I was certain that his eyes were going to close up tight any minute. Ty greeted me between gulps of coffee with the quite obvious statement that he'd had less than an hour's sleep the night before. Naturally I jumped at conclusions, after all I'm only human. Uh huh, I thought, so Annabella goes on a trip and Ty goes on a bender. *Well.*

I couldn't have been further from the truth. It seems there had been a blackout in Brentwood the night before and air raid warden Power had been on duty until six in the morning. "I had dinner over at Cesar Romero's," Ty said, "and after dinner the Walter Langs dropped by and we played gin rummy [there is no doubt in my mind but that next to Annabella Ty Power loves games] until about one o'clock. I must have just gotten to bed when the phone rang and I was told to get on duty at once. I put on a pair of old pants and a bedraggled raincoat, hopped on my bicycle, and started pedalling toward the Old Ladies' Home."

I don't know why that should seem so funny to me, but it does. Tyrone Power, Mr. Darryl Zanuck's number one Glamor Star, and the idol of American womanhood, cold, tired and disheveled, knocking on doors at the Old Ladies' Home—which happens to be on his beat.

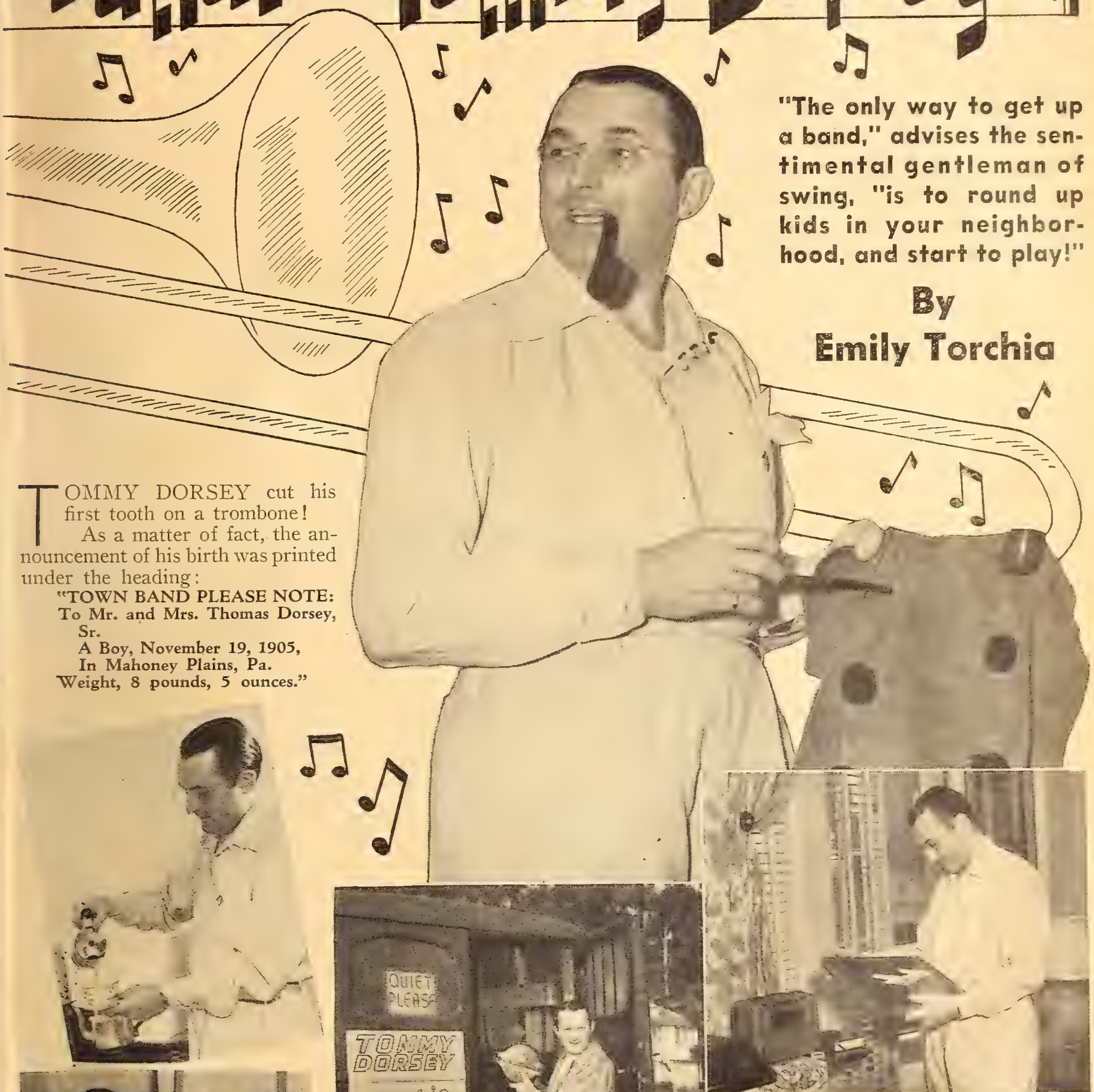
Anatole Litvak, who is directing the screen version of Eric Knight's best-seller English war novel, called "Ready," and Ty hastily (*Please turn to page* 83)

# Strike up your own

Tommy Dorsey and trombone accompany Eleanor Powell in M-G-M's "Ship Ahoy." See exclusive pictures of Tommy's private life, at right.

# Band!—Tommy Dorsey

**"The only way to get up a band," advises the sentimental gentleman of swing, "is to round up kids in your neighborhood, and start to play!"**

**By Emily Torchia**

TOMMY DORSEY cut his first tooth on a trombone!

As a matter of fact, the announcement of his birth was printed under the heading:

**"TOWN BAND PLEASE NOTE:**
**To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dorsey, Sr.**
**A Boy, November 19, 1905,**
**In Mahoney Plains, Pa.**
**Weight, 8 pounds, 5 ounces."**

Before he was a day old his Dad enrolled him in the town band. There was nothing unusual about this because Dorsey, Sr., was its leader. He was also the instrumentalist, organizer, and community music teacher. That's why Tommy's teething ring was a slidehorn.

When Tommy was a scant three and his brother, Jimmy, not quite five, the family moved to Shenandoah, Pa. His father, leader of the military band, de- (*Please turn to page 60*)

# Susan's Struggles

**Looking at lovely luscious Susan Hayward today, you would never believe that she suffered heartbreak and even hunger to achieve her ambition. Her true story, told here for the first time, should give other girls new courage to keep on struggling**

**By Gladys Hall**

IT BEGAN in such a commonplace, average-American, you-and-me everyday way, the story of little Susan Hayward of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Her father worked for the I.R.T. in New York. Her mother, a housewife. A sister two years older, a brother a year or so younger. A comfortable but unpretentious apartment in Brooklyn. Public grade school, then Girls' Commercial High. Movies Saturday afternoons. "We had our favorites, of course, were fans. I thought Clark Gable and Charles Boyer were *wonderful!*" Roller-skating. Ice-skating. Making fudge in the kitchen. Birthday parties. Summers at the beach. Nothing in the least unusual or dramatic about this background. Nothing, except—a line in a little girl's diary which read, "Some day, when I'm a famous actress, everybody's going to be sorry for the way they treated me."

"And so," said Susan, facing me (it was three in the afternoon, an hour or so after luncheon) over an enormous piece of cake topped with a mound of ice-cream, a gauntlet flung, no doubt, at her days of near-starvation, "and so, I must always have wanted to be an actress. She added, smiling, "*I still do!* But except for that entry in my diary I don't remember that I gave it much conscious thought when I was a youngster. I know I didn't DO anything about it. I didn't stage little plays in the attic or cellar. In high school, I took a course in commercial art, not dramatics. But when, at eighteen, I finished school and went to New York to look for a job, it was a job on the stage I wanted. Somehow I had only that one thought in my mind—and knew that I had always had it in my heart.

"Of course I didn't get one. A job, I mean. Not even a nibble. They just smiled at me and turned to the next girl.

"It's the impatience," said Susan suddenly, stormily, "that really gets you down. You go home and read of actresses—Helen Hayes, for example—who were great stars at eighteen. *They* all did it young. What, what, *what,* you think," said Susie, who has reached the

crumbling old age of twenty-two, "is the matter with *me!*

"There *was* something the matter with me. But I didn't know what it was until—until a man, a very life-loving and life-wise man, showed me. But that comes later—after Ups that bumped my hopeful head against the stars and Downs that nearly starved me to death. After sieges of inaction and impatience that nearly drove me mad with frustration and the feeling of futility. After despairs," Susan said quietly, "that were very real."

"Not that I blame anybody," Susan was saying, "it's nobody's fault that I didn't get good parts sooner. I am difficult to cast, I know. I look like an ingénue and am not an ingénue. My voice is too heavy. They can't have me say, 'Daddy, may I go out with John?' No one would believe it. I have to say, 'Pop, I'm going out with John!'

"My face is young," Susan said, "but *what comes out of it is not young.* Not long ago (*Please turn to page 54*)

# Stardom!

## For

Stranger than any fiction is the success story of Susan Hayward. Just when success would seem to be within her grasp, Fate would shove her back to the bottom of the ladder, and she would have to start all over again! After winning attention in "Adam Had Four Sons" (above) and "Beau Geste" (right above) she was forgotten. Then came a colorful rôle in "Among The Living" (right). But it remained for Cecil B. DeMille to give her the best break—in "Reap The Wild Wind" (see Shirley Temple-ish costume pose from that film on facing page).

("She will be a great star in a couple of years," one of the men in the Paramount publicity office told me, "but in ten years she could be—a great statesman. No fooling. She has force and presence. She can sway people when she speaks. Her mind functions with power and precision. There is iron in her. She is an unexpected person."

(A first glance at Susan and you could scream with laughter at thought of her as a solemn Solon. Publicity man's rave, I thought, meeting her. Why, she is as feminine as chiffon, cute and cuddly, tendrilly red hair, tip-tilted nose, ridiculously adolescent figure, the helpless type, s'help me. But looking at her again, at the amazingly dark brown depth of her eyes, the straightforward, no-nonsense expression in them, hearing the voice which is more like Garbo's than Susan's, I realized how deceptive, in the little Hayward's case, are first impressions. And when Susan begins to talk, forcefully, without frills, you think there has been a mistake. Susan doesn't *match!*)

AN ALARM clock rang . . . the hands pointed to three forty-five A.M. Instinctively I started to turn over for another few winks. But the ticking of the clock seemed to say, in a low, melodious voice, "If you're going to be made up and on the set by seven o'clock, you'd better get going: Your obedient servant, Orson Welles."

Hurriedly I dressed to meet adventure, as working for Orson Welles in "The Magnificent Ambersons" proved an adventure, packed full of fun.

Orson has two slogans, by which he lives. The first is, "If there isn't fun in what you're doing there's something wrong." The other is old but very good,

# The Unpredictable ORSON WELLES

"There's no such word as can't."

I first learned about his fun idea when I was making the test for *Isabel* in his new picture. The test consisted of the three most difficult scenes in the film. It had been two years since I had appeared before a camera. Needless to say I was nervous, to put it mildly. I hadn't had sufficient time to study the part, consequently, I felt I didn't know a line. I confessed this to Mr. Welles. He was kind enough to tell me not to mind, and we started rehearsing. Every time I went through the scene I muffed a line. Finally, Orson told me to rest. Then, he began doing impersonations of various well-known people. It was the most hilarious one-man show I'd ever witnessed. Suddenly, his mood changed. He said quietly, "We'll shoot the scene now."

To my surprise, I went through the entire scene without making one mistake.

When I left the studio at the hour of two A.M. (for when Orson Welles works, time means nothing), I told Mr. Welles that whether or not I got the part of *Isabel,* I wanted to thank him for a very amusing evening. An example of his indomitable determination against the word "can't" occurred during the shooting of "The Magnificent Ambersons." Orson had an idea that he wanted to get a shot of a man walking up a staircase having several landings and sharp turns, all heavily padded with carpet. Everyone connected with the picture insisted it couldn't be done. Well, the young director likes nothing better than a challenge to attempt the impossible. He ordered the camera strapped firmly to the cameraman's chest, then instructed the camera-carrier to follow the actor as he walked up the stairs. But his idea didn't work. The cameraman's shoes kept slipping on the heavily carpeted stairs, throwing the camera a little out of focus at each step.

Orson ignored the technical crew's quizzical looks, which silently screamed, "I told you so." To everyone's amazement, he ordered the man carrying the camera to remove his shoes and socks and to try the scene again, working in his bare feet. The idea worked perfectly, as the man's bare toes could grip the rough surface of the carpet. Once again, the "Boy Wonder" had proved there's no such word as "can't."

Please don't get the idea that Orson Welles is a "smarty-pants" who thinks he is infallible. He is the first person to admit it when he is stumped. Once when we were preparing to shoot an extremely emotional scene, I hadn't an idea how it should be played. Orson asked me how I was going to do it. I kiddingly told him I was searching. Orson, with a grin, said he was "searching" on the scene, too; so we'd better search together. We went into a huddle and decided how it should be played. I rehearsed it several times until Orson thought it was ready to shoot. By this (*Please turn to page 78*)

Miss Costello, below, though she owes her comeback chance to Orson Welles, gives us a frank and colorful closeup of her boss, the Boy Wonder. Pictures show producer-director Welles in action on the set—even to doing magic tricks for his stars.

**By Dolores Costello**

**(who makes her movie comeback in new Welles film, "The Magnificent Ambersons")**

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

***Adventure and romance in those brave days when a country was in the making!***

THERE was magic in the earth in those days when a country was in the making, magic that brought men and women and children in covered wagons across a continent, magic that sent others on crude sailing ships rounding the horn, taking months to make the trip to California from Eastern ports. And for some the magic was the rich, virgin soil and for others the magic was gold and for the rest it was love of adventure that sent them off on those new, far trails.

But it was none of these things which had brought Tom Craig from Boston. Stories had drifted East of epidemics that had swept the new settlements, of people dying for lack of drugs and medical attention. Tom was no doctor but he was a druggist and there was need of men like him in the pioneer settlement at Sacramento.

The trip was almost over now. San Francisco was the last stop-over, and his heart quickened as he heard the boat whistling down at the docks and his steps quickened too so that the small boy carrying one of his bags had all he could do to keep up with his long strides.

"We'd better run, youngster," he grinned.

"Nope." The urchin shook his head. "The *Mary Anne* always whistles her head off to git folks outer the bars. We got time."

Suddenly a voice broke over the babbling of the crowd hurrying toward the docks, a compelling voice used to giving orders and to being obeyed. Tom was to remember that voice, Britt Dawson's voice.

"Make way there, folks!" he bellowed. "Make way!"

He was tall and swaggering, was Britt, his face hard with the ruthlessness of a man used to making his own

Paulette Goddard, star of Cecil B. DeMille's important new picture, "Reap The Wild Wind," models, here, her new white Catalina bathing suit with bright red lobster decoration. Paulette's gay play shoes of matching red with wide ribbon lacings extending to her pretty knees are tricky.

# THE BRIGHT, GAY MEXICAN INFLUENCE!

Designed especially for Paulette Goddard, by Monica, is this Mexican scarf dress—the scarf, in bullfighter design of vivid colors, used in its entirety as a bodice, with an opening cut in the center for the neck of the dress. Paulette's shoes are red patent in the same bright shade as the cloaks of the bullfighter figures in the bodice. Her hat, red and white.

# THE "COVERED-UP" LOOK FOR EVENING!

Most "covered-up" evening costume in Miss Goddard's wardrobe is pictured at top left: Very fine wool in a bright patriotic red with long plain bodice flowing into a straight wrap-around skirt, high cowl neck with attached scarf to be drawn over the head. Above, soft, body-moulding crepe in a striking fuchsia shade. Right, white crepe with full skirt.

# Sweetheart Styles

Younger set's pet, Veronica Lake, poses in her new Spring clothes

Veronica, sta
Paramount's '
Gun for Hire,'
only wears
heart on her sl
but scattered
over the entire
of her sheer, sand-beige
crepe frock! The long-to
bodice is trimmed in ro
red, yellow, and blue h
Her off-the-face bonn
matching sand-beige.
ronica's triple-threat ba
also fashion news. The
purses of Mexican
green, and yellow are fas
to a leather strap which
hang over arm or shou

or evenings at home, hostess pajamas are in the pic-
re. See Veronica's, below: Wide shantung trousers
bright Chinese blue, long-sleeved white crepe
ouse trimmed with a large, hand-painted blue bow
hot. Her clogs are natural wood and bright red jersey.

Pan-American color scheme, left. Miss Lake's silk jersey dinner gown incorporates the yellow, red, and green loved by our southern neighbors: Bodice of bright yellow, girdle of scarlet, harem-draped skirt of vivid green. Her only jewelry, two ornate little horses on shoulders.

*Costumes by I. Magnin and Co.*

Dramatic white braid, big off-the-face white chenille hat with scroll pattern to match the braid highlight Veronica Lake's eye-catching costume at right. Another beau-catcher is black straw hat at left, designed by Leslie-James, with veil and two pink posies the only color note.

Co-star
with Ro
Cummin
"Saboteur
fred Hi
cock's
thriller,
cilla Lane
time out t
in these
new playcl

"

South

of the Border"

Styles, Sponsored by

PRISCILLA LANE

# For fun-and-sun fashions, give it the Guatemala touch!

Facing page, chili-pepper red soutache trims the sleek white gabardine shorts ensemble worn by Priscilla Lane. Adapted from the Guatemalan costumes worn in the national dance, the "Tambrito," is the bolero-collared black and white linen play suit modeled at lower left. Below, on this page, Priscilla tops her crazy-quilt skirt of many colors with white lawn peasant blouse. At right, bright-flowered shirt over softly draped and tied scalloped shorts.

*Photographs by Ray Jones, Universal Pictures.*

*exclusive to* SCREENLAND

# STRAIGHT *out of* STEINBECK

Yes, right out of the pages of John Steinbeck's great story of the picturesque paisanos of Monterey, California, come these characters: Spencer Tracy, as the lazy, happy-go-lucky rascal, *Pilon*, Hedy Lamarr as *Dolores (Sweets) Ramirez*, fish-cannery worker who makes a good citizen and husband out of the carefree *Danny* (played by John Garfield). True to the spirit if not to the letter of Steinbeck's book, the three stars of M-G-M's powerful and daring picturization lend new lustre to their own careers in assuming rôles utterly different than any they have ever played before.

*Photographs by Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M*

A new and vital Hedy Lamarr, a Tracy not afraid to undertake an all-too-human rôle, and a John Garfield getting his great screen chance at last—they guarantee Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat" will never bore you.

dy kumar z

# Shirley Temple.

She was your idol as "Little Miss Marker" of yesterday; who knows, she may be your glamor girl of tomorrow! Meanwhile Shirley Temple stars in "Miss Annie Rooney" as she grows up gracefully

# Red Skelton

"I dood it!" says Red Skelton as somebody challenged him to think up a new photographic gag—and the black cat gave the audience the bird. Red finished a new film between radio shows: "Ship Ahoy"

M-G-M

# PERIOD

John Sutton as a gentleman of the early nineteenth century in movie, "Ten Gentlemen from West Point"

Handsom
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"A Yank
R.A.F.,"
with Ma
O'Hara,
heroine o
Gentleme
West Po

*20th Centu*

# PORTRAITS

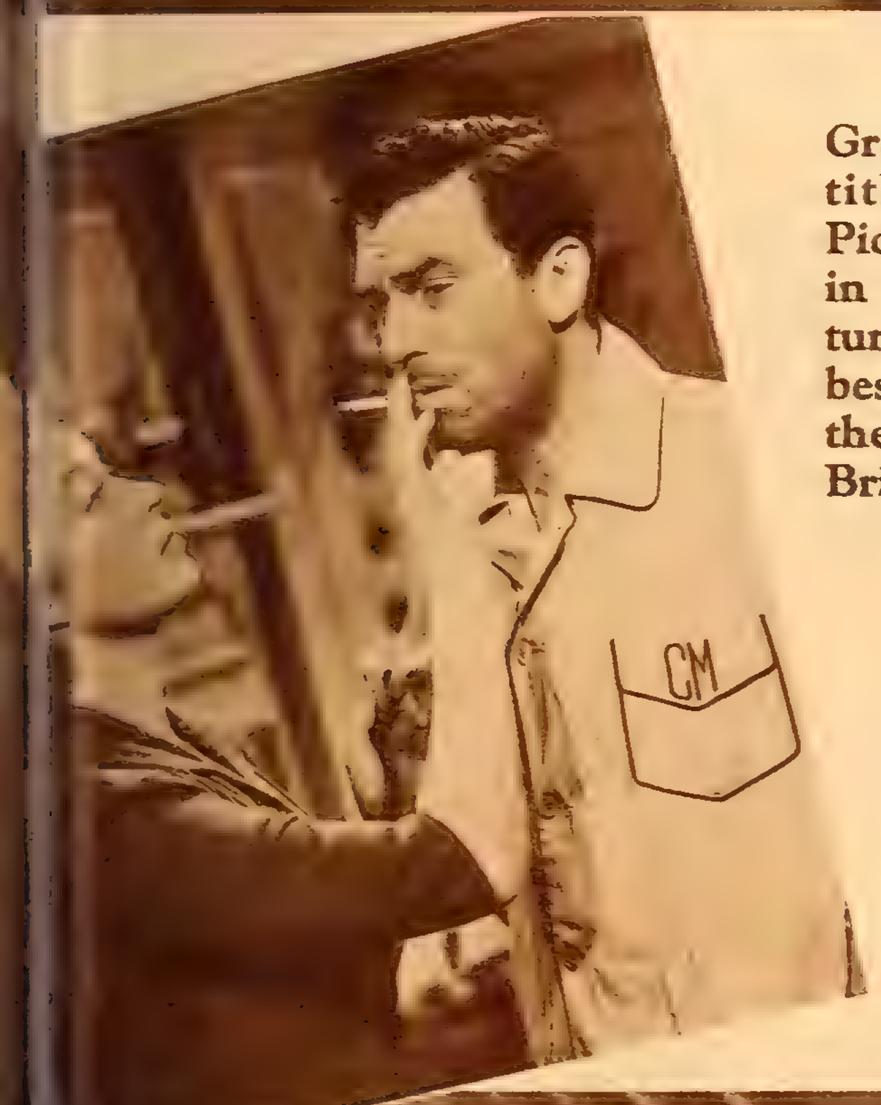
**Victor Mature as an elegant, dashing man-about-town of the gay nineties in new film, "My Gal Sal"**

Hayworth,
nt special
of "My Gal
" shares
a sizzling
scene with
ontroversial
Mature.
incredible
shes, inci-
lly, are real.

*Photograph by Clifton Maupin, 20th Century-Fox*

# Meet "Mrs. Miniver"

## *And Her Family*



**Greer Garson plays the title rôle, with Walter Pidgeon as her husband, in M-G-M's stirring picturization of Jan Struthers' best-selling book about the bravery of an average British family in war time**

Breakfast as usual despite the blitz in the *Miniver* household, with Miss Garson as the gallant mother, Christopher Severn as her son and Claire Sanders as the smallest of the *Minivers*.

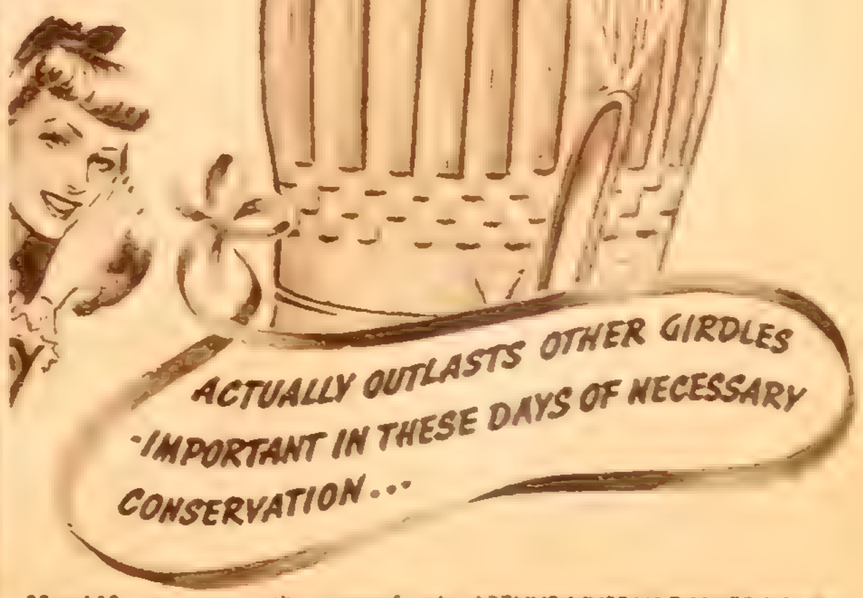
*"As Free and Limber as the Rhumba"...say* *Arthur Murray Dancers . .*

Real-form

GIRDLES OF GRACE

The stirring rhythm of Rhumba demands freedom, comfort and control. "Raschel Knit — Fashioned to Fit" endows Real-Form with perfect fit, blessed ease. Won't roll or "hike up", guaranteed non-run. LASTEX yarn for complete two-way stretch.

*Illustrated:*
Nylon, Rayon and Lastex pantie girdle — $2.50. Other girdles or pantie girdles (with or without panels or removable crotches) $2.50 to $4.00 at all stores.



ACTUALLY OUTLASTS OTHER GIRDLES - IMPORTANT IN THESE DAYS OF NECESSARY CONSERVATION...

*Send 10c to cover mailing costs for the ARTHUR MURRAY DANCE BOOK

REAL-FORM GIRDLE CO., DEPT. S.— 358 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

*Photograph by Ray Noland, 20th Century-Fox*

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Maureen O'Hara in "Ten Gentlemen from West Point"

# SO-O-O-O-O, We Women Talk Too Much?

## NO! Says Gracie Allen

Gracie Allen says she first started talking fast at fifteen and has never stopped. But — she insists women know what they're talking about these days. Gracie's real-life personality is as demure as her radio self is raucous—see pictures with her children and husband George Burns

**By Charles Darnton**

SHE *looks* quiet. That's the astonishing thing about Gracie Allen. Just to see her close-to you'd never imagine she could talk an auctioneer to a standstill or turn a running conversation into a speed contest. At a glance she disarmingly seems still as a mouse, offering no likelihood of more than a little squeak or two.

Of course, those of you who have heard Gracie on the screen and on the radio—and who hasn't?—would hardly suspect her of being tongue-tied. Yet, judging her in comparatively silent repose, that might well be taken to mean merely her professional side, her own particular way of earning a living. Granting that appearances may be deceiving, Gracie at first gives the impression of having nothing up her sleeve nor, for that matter, down her throat.

Frankly, I had expected to be met with a rush of words that would sweep me off my feet. Not at all. There was only the polite how-do-you-do-please-sit-down sort of thing in almost halting speech. Just a shy little thing, I reluctantly concluded. However, it was most pleasant to meet this comely, demure young woman, more like a dainty housewife than a windy actress, who somehow suggested that at a sewing-bee she would drop only an occasional word as she might a stitch.

But no, I desperately argued, that surely could not be the case. It was inevitable that presently this famed lingual phenomenon should be giving, not an interview, but a Gracie Allen *conversazione*. That conjecture was to prove true. But at the moment she, soberly and admirably, emphasized a timely matter of vast importance, saying:

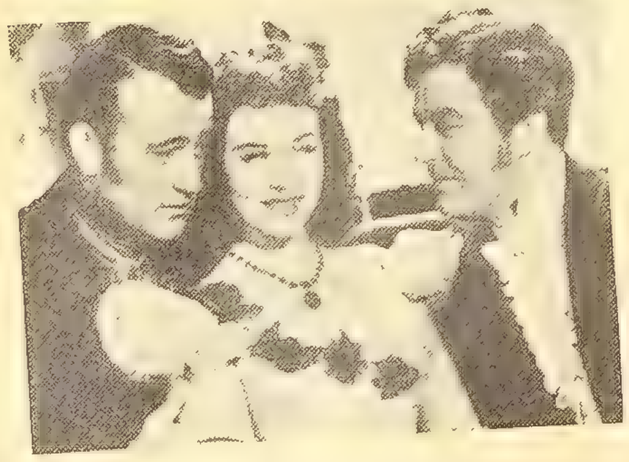
"What strikes me as most significant of all in women today is the fact that there is no need to warn them against talking about anything vital concerning the war which may have come to their knowledge. On this subject they are so tight-lipped that it is impossible to get a word out of them. They not only know how to keep a secret, but they *do* keep it. I know personally of many such cases. A friend of mine who's doing closely-guarded war work won't even tell me (*Please turn to page 85*)

# *Your* GUIDE *at a* GLANCE

## SELECTED BY

**Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money**

### "REAP THE WILD WIND"



**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**

***TERRIFIC!***

APPEAL: For fans of the big, spectacular, and exciting Cecil B. DeMille melodramas—which means practically all movie fans.

PLOT: Enough for ten pictures—take it as adventure, as romance, as a colorful slice of American history a century ago when pirate wreckers ruled the Florida keys—you still have enough plot left over for a dozen serials. There's never a let-up in the breathless action; for once the love scenes are as exciting —almost—as the climactic battle with the giant squid at the bottom of the sea, for the fair heroine is besieged by two suitors and continually fighting off one or the other. Oh, it's fine!

ACTING: And I mean acting, for producer-director DeMille doesn't believe in under-statement and so encourages Paulette Goddard to give a fiery performance which should establish her as a spirited star; John Wayne to appear especially robust, and Ray Milland to cast off his habitual aloofness for a real characterization, "iron hand in velvet glove" fellow who fights his way through chicanery to triumph, and the hand of the lovely *Loxie*. Susan Hayward is charming, Raymond Massey appropriately sinister, Lynne Overman magnificently comic in supporting rôles.

*Paramount*

### "KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOK"

**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**

***CLASSIC!***

APPEAL: For children of every age, whether they ever read Rudyard Kipling or not—a fantasy that will never "date" or die in its appeal.

PLOT: The story of *Mowgli*, the little Indian boy who wandered away from his mother and his native village, into the jungle to be reared by the wolves with all the animals as his friends and brothers, so that he grew up wild and fearless; but when he was captured by civilization he had to fight off man's cruelty and treachery until the jungle claimed him again. All in brilliant technicolor, with all the Korda extravagance in staging, and the Kipling animal characters all you could hope.

ACTING: It is young Sabu's picture, and the handsome boy performs nobly as *Mowgli* swimming and swinging from tree to tree and confronting the beasts of the jungle with all the authority of a juvenile *Tarzan* but minus the Hollywood touch. Sabu's sincerity shines through his work, and more than any other contribution makes the "Jungle Book" the refreshing entertainment it turns out to be. Except for Sabu and his jungle brothers, the actors are inclined to heavy theatrics, even Joseph Calleia; but perhaps a fantastic picture like this requires flamboyant gestures.

*Alexander Korda-United Artists*

### "THE FLEET'S IN"

**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**

***GAY!***

APPEAL: So much fun what with Dottie Lamour and Jimmy Dorsey and his band and grand vodvil acts—even sailors are sure to enjoy it.

PLOT: Bill Holden as a shy sailor who through a chance encounter with a movie actress becomes the envy of his ship-mates who bet on his future conquest of a hitherto unattainable café singer is the innocent victim of circumstances which become more hilarious as the plot thickens. Just as it is in danger of getting too thick, on comes a famous act which has wowed 'em at Paramount's Theater on Broadway, and movie audiences find themselves applauding the screen shadows of Gil Lamb, Lorraine and Rognan, and Cass Daley as enthusiastically as Times Square ever cheered them in the flesh.

ACTING: Field day for the adorable Dottie, who's a more believable target for nice, naïve Bill Holden's affections than you might imagine. Betty Hutton as her girl friend is a tornado of jitterbug talent, who leaves herself as well as you breathless but makes you like it. Since la Hutton is one of the very few genuinely funny comediennes who is still pretty enough not to make you gag on her gyrations, it may be she is headed for stardom if she can keep up the pace, or if we can.

*Paramount*

# to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

## Delight Evans

### "MY FAVORITE BLONDE"

**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**

***CLEVER!***

APPEAL: Can you imagine anybody to whom a combination of Bob Hope better than ever AND beautiful Madeleine Carroll would *not* appeal?

PLOT: Fooled you this time—there *is* a plot, and a good one, which involves the great white Hope in a ring of Nazi spies with a gorgeous blonde British agent who depends upon him—on Bob, mind you—to help her save the code and the cause. What's more, Bob does, against his better judgment, and against a background of crazy and screamingly funny misadventures. There's real suspense with all the laughs, and Bob conclusively proves what I've long suspected, that he can be just as romantic as John Payne when the occasion calls, in his own way, of course.

ACTING: Call it luck, call it shrewd casting by Paramount that gives this film its zest; but I call it Bob Hope, a great comedian who is uncannily clever in selecting and dispensing his material, and unique in resisting the temptation to act like a star. He is unselfish enough, or smart enough, to share his scenes; he is versatile enough never to let himself be typed—the Bob Hope of "My Favorite Blonde" is a fresh character, not the Hope of "Louisiana Purchase." He is not ridiculous as a successor to Stirling Hayden as Madeleine's screen lover; he—say, what is this? A fan letter?

*Paramount*

### "RIO RITA"

**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**

***FUN!***

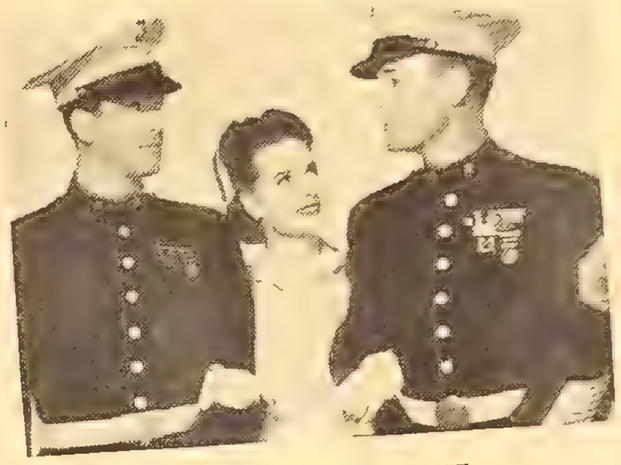
APPEAL: Your old friend *Rita* not so much surrounded by saboteurs written into the old plot as by Abbott and Costello—but no objections.

PLOT: Fifth columnists abound in this 1942 version of a familiar stage and screen show, but they don't get too much in the way, Abbott and Costello as a pair of vaudevillians wandering in strange territory see to that, and lucky for us they do. The untamed two are terrific, as usual, or even more so, if possible, as they turn sleuths and foil the villyuns and clear the way for *Rita* and *Ricardo* to sing happily to each other—ever after. Only two songs from the original musical comedy retained are the two best, *Rio Rita* and *The Rangers' Song.*

ACTING: Uproarious antics of Lou Costello and the smooth stooging of Bud Abbott show up as even funnier here, midst the munificent Metro settings, as in their more modest pictures at their home studio, Universal. Costello apparently needs just one prop—an audience. His dialogue may be stale—*may* be?—it's mouldy; his gestures may be monotonous; but he's today Chaplin all the same, and every time he puts on his act I'll be there, to laugh at the same old stuff. John Carroll and Kathryn Grayson are satisfactory as the singing sweethearts.

*M-G-M*

### "TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI"



**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**

***STIRRING!***

APPEAL: Take it from the Marines, everybody! Tribute to those fighting men who, we all know, need no Hollywood glorification.

PLOT: What it means to be a Marine, what it takes to be a Marine, and why the Marines have commanded the respect of the world is set forth in this rousing record—sure, it's a Hollywood version, but in its essentials it is sincere and authentic. Maybe a private doesn't always meet up with a nurse-lieutenant; or get away with the murder that John Payne accomplishes—but what of it? The tough training, the responsibilities and recreation, and, yes, the high ideals of the Marine Corps are faithfully presented, in swell and exciting entertainment.

ACTING: Super-photogenic John Payne registers not only for torso but technique this time, as the cocky private who has most of the impudence knocked out of him by the going over that the Marine Corps in general, and his sergeant in particular, give him. Randolph Scott is splendid as the first really believable sergeant in screen history, neither too tough nor too picturesque, a fine performance. Maureen O'Hara has demure allure as the nurse, and makes the hilarious mustard-plaster scene long to be remembered. Roxy audiences howled and so will you.

*20th Century-Fox*

# Susan's Struggles for Stardom

Continued from page 27

I went out with a very important man here in Hollywood. A man of considerable position and power. Suddenly, as we were dancing, he said to me, 'You frighten me to death—you're so strong!' That rather frightened *me*, you know. It's not good. I've been wondering ever since if I effect all men that way. If so, maybe that's why I'm still a spinster!

"But let me try to tell you my story," Susan said, then, "it may interest, perhaps be of help to other girls. No one wanted me for the stage. I had my living to make, and so I did some commercial photography. Ivan Dimitri made some pictures of me to illustrate a *Saturday Evening Post* article, 'How Models Come To New York.' Producer David Selznick and Director George Cukor happened to be in New York the week the magazine appeared upon the stands. They were in the thick of the search for a girl to play *Scarlett O'Hara*. They saw my pictures. They sent for me. They tested me for the part in New York, then brought me to Hollywood to continue testing here.

"That was the first dizzy Up. One of the greatest producers and one of the greatest directors in Hollywood sending for *me*. Why, I don't suppose three people in the theatrical world had ever heard my name, and two of them had forgotten it!

"My father, who was in the hospital at the time, told me, 'I hope you don't get it, Susan.' What a thing to say, I thought, with such a Cinderella chance and, besides, my first trip on a train and all. What a wise thing to say, I knew, in my heart. For I never believed it would happen. I realized my limited capabilities. When Mr. Cukor was directing the tests (he was so very kind to me) I didn't know *what* he was talking about. And I could not get out what I knew I had, inside.

"I didn't get it, as everyone knows. I was another little headstone marked *'Scarlett O'Hara.'* I realized I couldn't have done it but I was disappointed just the same. Improbable as it had been, in Hollywood, I'd heard, anything can happen, the improbable is the commonplace.

"My struggle had begun. Mr. Selznick suggested that I go back to New York, do some stock, gain experience. But—it was nice and warm here in Hollywood, my sister had come out with me, and train fares cost money.

"While I was making the tests in New York, several of the high-powered Hollywood agents had written and wired me, promising me gilt-edged contracts, rich opportunities, and their own invaluable services in obtaining same. When my tests failed, the agents failed, also. Lost interest.

"One afternoon I had a slight but fortunate accident. I rode my bike straight through the window of the house next door. Three young men lived there. They were entertaining a fourth young man, Ben Medford, the agent. My entrance, bloody but unbowed, startled him, I am sure, in taking me on.

"He took me, first, to Warner Brothers. I got a contract, at once, that very day. I started at $250 a week, which was too bad for me. Because it is so easy to believe that things are easy. I was overpaid for doing nothing. I did one bit in a picture called 'Girls on Probation,' and I was *awful*. I still didn't know what number was up. Then there were months of posing for leg art, bathing suit art. More months of doing nothing. I had the heartbreaking experience of standing on the sidelines, watching other girls, Priscilla Lane, Ann Sheridan and others, doing things, getting places. Then they threw me out.

"I was squaring off for my next Down. In the Spring of that year my father passed away. My mother, brother, and sister were here in Hollywood with me. I was the only one earning, and—I wasn't earning. Nor had I saved any money. With $250 a week coming in and those gay, glib little options promising raises I had gone out and bought That Little Velvet Suit—

"We went to every studio in town, my agent and I. I made tests. More tests. My hopes rose and fell like a see-saw. Nothing came of them. Weeks became months. Every month looked more like a wolf. My mother sold all of her insurance. We hocked everything we had to hock. My sister could not get a job. My brother got work in a skating rink but, by that time, debts were too big for that small help. We were dispossessed. Sometimes we were hungry. There were five months of it.

"Meanwhile I met a man—Frank Beckwith—who knows more about writing and, what is more important, about life, than any man I have ever met. *He made me grow up.*

"For that was the matter with me. I was not grown up. I was like a child, green, lacking warmth and fragrance, lacking all the vital sympathetic things. He took one look at me and saw just a frustrated youngster who had not got anything she wanted, and didn't know why.

"In school we learn things out of books, by rote. Listening to Mr. Beckwith, I learned things out of life, by heart. The sudden realization that we are in the world and we've got to work and *be* something or we're not worth much, so we study—that is what he taught me. After I knew him, I just SAW, that is the best way I can explain it.

"I have never been in love. Not deeply, that is. If I had been, I suppose I would have grown up sooner. I've had crushes, nothing more.

"After my talks with Mr. Beckwith, I felt I was ready for work, felt I could

Ann Sheridan visited Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming, with the USO Camp Shows musical, "Funzafire," and not only danced and sang for the soldiers, but got right behind the fountain, below, and mixed sodas for the boys. Right, Pvt. Alton McCarleyexplains the workings of a milling machine to Ann in the motor maintenance shop while Lieut.-Col. R. T. Bennison, director of motor maintenance schools, looks on.

w, get out what was inside me. But ollywood, obviously was not ready for e nor the least interested in what I felt I d to give to the screen.

"Finally, just as I was going to borrow oney from an aunt to go back to New ork where, I thought, I might at least t walk-ons, my agent took me to Para- ount again. I met Artie Jacobson, the sting director. He became interested in e. I must have looked rather dramatic. eing hungry for five months, how else ould I look? He asked Director Bill ellman to come in and see me, and— ey put me in 'Beau Geste!'

"I waited until I got home that night— ie longest, hardest waiting I ever did— tell the family I had been cast in a pic- ure, had a contract, at $200 a week this me, and was Up again. I wanted to see eir faces when I told them. Faces, at mes like that, are beautiful things to see.

"The day I was to report for work, I ad no gas for my car, and no money for us fare. I had to call Bill Walsh, a friend mine in the publicity business—and what pal he has been—to ask him if he would rive me to the studio. He dropped what- er he was doing and came for me.

"So, then, it was very nice, what with food on the table, the rent paid, my car refinanced and me headed—oh, surely, surely, this time—for terrific big stardom!

"After 'Beau Geste' I went, quickly, into 'Our Leading Citizen' with Bob Burns, into '$1000 a Touchdown' with Martha Raye. Then—no pictures for eighteen months!

"They were very bad, those eighteen months. I was terribly self-conscious all that time. I wouldn't go into the commissary where the stars eat. I ducked around corners when I saw someone coming. I felt I was a robber and a cheat, accomplishing nothing and getting paid for it.

"I'd hear of new pictures being cast and think, they'll put me in this one, I *know* they will! They didn't. Time after time, picture after picture, they didn't. I watched option times, my hands and feet cold, a little sick inside.

"Now and again the columnists who—and especially Louella Parsons—were very kind to me, would ask, 'What has become of Susan Hayward? When will Susie have her chance?' No one answered the question. *I* couldn't answer it. I didn't know *what* had become of me. I felt somewhat as a ghost must feel when it walks among the living.

"My only activities were tours—out of town and out of pictures. I went on every kind of a tour. I was Among Those Present at out-of-town premiéres. I made speeches to help present the vehicles of other players. But I did make a lot of friends—and one of the most important things that happened to me, then, was when I went with Louella Parsons on her first personal appearance tour. *Variety* reported that, in New York, I stopped the show. If I did, it was because I loved what I was doing.

"Then there was a sales convention here in Los Angeles. I had met a lot of the boys. 'How are things?' they asked me, 'what pictures are you doing?' 'Gee, fellows,' I said, 'I'm not doing anything.' 'Why not?' they asked. 'I don't know why not,' I said, 'in fact, I don't know why I'm in pictures at all, come to think of it. Maybe I'd better ask the boss!' So I did.

"Right then and there, at the convention, standing on the platform, I up and asked Mr. Y. Frank Freeman why I was not making any pictures! 'Holy smoke,' people said to me later, when they heard what I had done, 'how did you *dare?*'

"It wasn't quite as courageous as it sounds. In the first place, I had nothing—except money—to lose. But I had been without money before, and had survived and, if I had to, could be without money again. Mr. Beckwith had made me see that to make the most of our abilities, to be the most we *can* be, is the reason we are born. I was not making the most of my abilities. I was not being anything at all. So I had nothing to lose. Besides, I knew that Mr. Freeman was my friend. We had talked together many times. And I had heard that, when my options came up, it was always Mr. Freeman who said he wanted me to stay.

"So then Mr. Freeman told the boys that I hadn't worked because they had not had the right parts for me but that, soon I would be working so hard I would wish for a vacation.

"It was not the studio's fault, as I said. With a baby face and an unbaby temperament to deal with, casting is a problem.

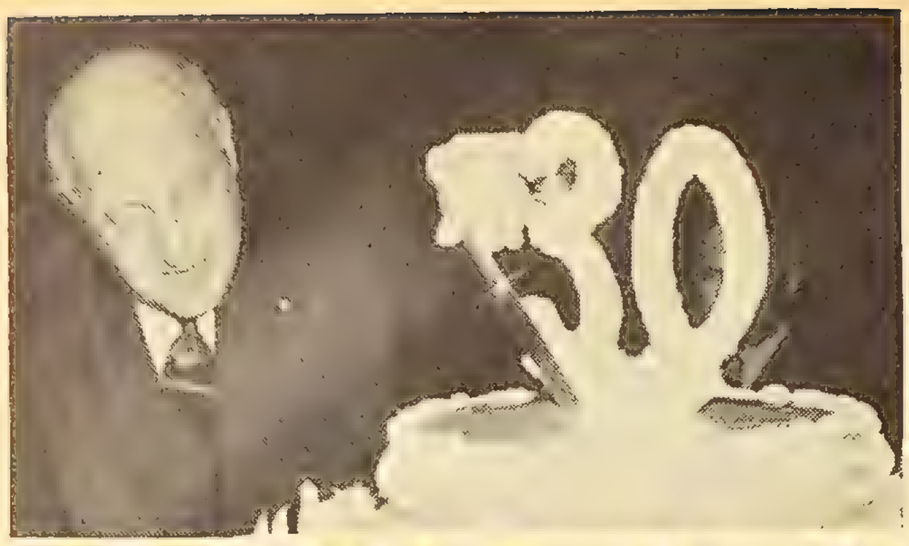
"But soon, then, my struggle was on the upcurve again. I was loaned out to Columbia to make 'Adam Had Four Sons.' My first big break. The critics were good to me, very good. Then, in fairly rapid succession, I made 'Among The Living,' 'Out of The Frying Pan' and 'Reap The Wild Wind.' Now I am going into 'Forest Rangers' and Damon Runyan has made me feel wonderful by specifying that he would like me for his picture, 'Little Pinks.'

"Now I feel good! Now I am much encouraged. Now I have a base from which to work. Now I dare to hope that the upcurve will *stay* up, that I am, at least, in another phase of the struggle. Because we must, of course, struggle as long as we live. But when we are getting somewhere, feel we are accomplishing something, struggle is fun.

"Now," Susan laughed, "I have bought a new car. I have had my bedroom done over with white wall-paper covered with fat pink roses. I wavered for some time between buying a new bedroom set or a mink coat. My mother suggested that a bomb might get the bedroom set so that, rather incongruously a mink coat might be more *practical.* Only in Hollywood," Susan laughed again, "only in fabulous, story-book Hollywood, which I love, could a mink coat ever be called *'practical'!*

"But when I wear it—well, now I am beginning to feel like." Susan laughed yet again, her rich and chuckly laugh, "like a *movie star!*" she said.

What's cookin'? Ann Sheridan, wearing chef's hat and coat, left, learns something about making roast beef from Mess Sgt. Bill Cornelison, with Pvt. Leonard Zupancich and Pfc. Auburn Williams looking on. Wonder why the Private's giving Ann that look? Below, Sgt. Lowell Snyder, motor maintenance instructor, gives out with an explanation of the "innards" of an engine for Ann's benefit during her tour of the shop.



Not only Hollywood and New York honor Cecil B. DeMille on his 30th anniversary as a motion picture producer, but screen audiences throughout the country. At left, the maestro cuts a huge birthday cake; at right, guest of honor at luncheon with Gloria Swanson, one of his most glamorous discoveries, in gracious attendance.

# SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

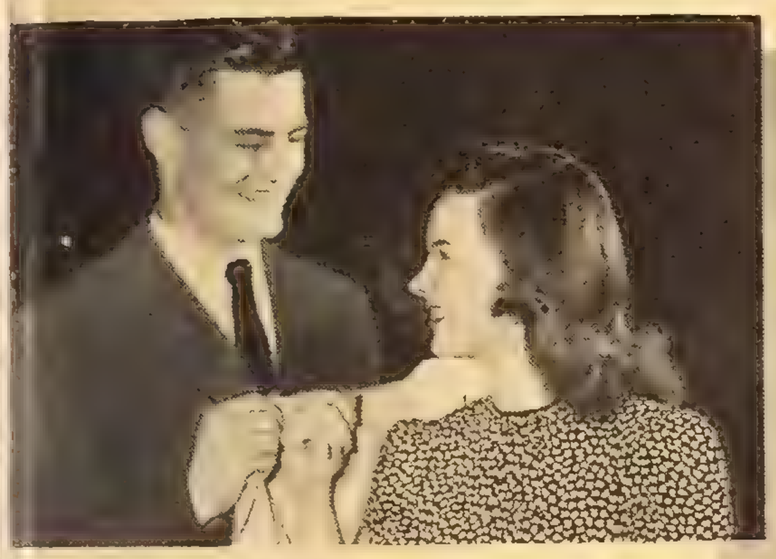
**Sincere homage to Cecil B. DeMille, great screen showman who is celebrating his 30th anniversary as a producer with the release of his 66th feature film, "Reap the Wild Wind"—thrilling entertainment in the lavish and lusty DeMille manner. The master movie-maker has done more than any other one man to keep the incredible and colorful Hollywood legend alive**

**DeMille produced "The Squaw Man," first feature-length film made in America; "The King of Kings," seen by more people than any other picture ever produced anywhere, and still playing; and "The Ten Commandments," which holds the record, to date, as biggest money-maker of all time. More power to DeMille, pioneer who is still one step ahead of all the rest!**

"Reap the Wild Wind" is DeMille at his most flamboyant—and entertaining. Paulette Goddard is the heroine, with John Wayne (lower left) and Ray Milland (in scene below) as dashing rivals for her love.

# SHE'S *Engaged*

(Below) *SALLIE HAMILTON* and her fiancé, Ralph James White, will have a military wedding—in the famous West Point chapel. Sallie is descended from one of the old and distinguished Hudson River families. She is another lovely engaged girl who uses Pond's Cold Cream to help give her skin a flower-soft look.



When Jim was on week-end leave this Spring

*HER RING* is a large solitaire with baguette diamonds on each side of the perfect center stone, exquisitely set in platinum.

## SHE'S *Lovely!*

Sallie's days are crowded with first-aid classes, defense work, wedding plans—but, like engaged girls everywhere, she senses that one of her important jobs these days is also to look just as pretty as she knows how.

"No matter how rushed I am, I'm *not* going to let my complexion get that dull, neglected look," she says. "That's why I'm so careful never to skip a day with my Pond's creamings."

Sallie prefers to give her lovely face a *twice-over* creaming with Pond's:

SHE SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats—quickly, gently. Then she tissues the cream off.

SHE RINSES with more Pond's, and tissues off again. "It leaves my skin just beautifully clean, and so soft-to-touch," she says.

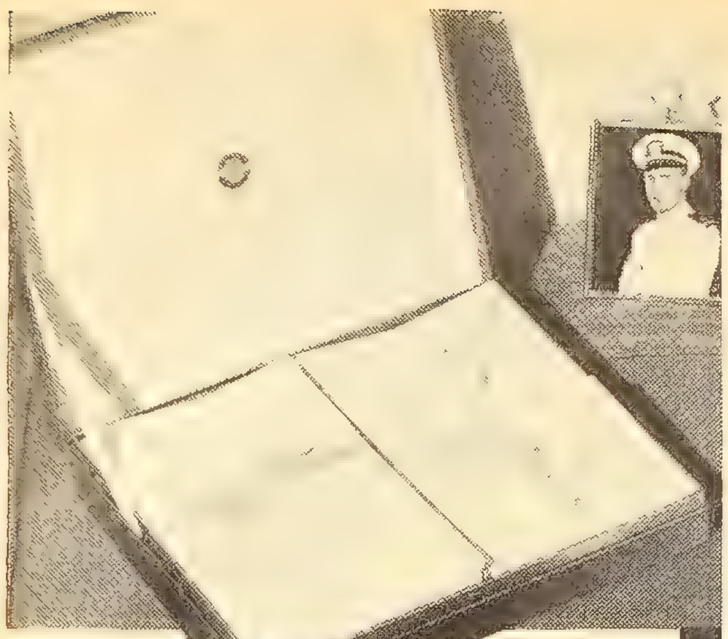
Use Pond's—Sallie's way—every night—for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see why Mrs. Lytle Hull, Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan—more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Buy a jar at *your* favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars.

SALLIE HAMILTON HAS DELICATE WHITE SKIN, FRESH AS SWEET-PEA BLOSSOMS

*She uses Pond's!*

**—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream**



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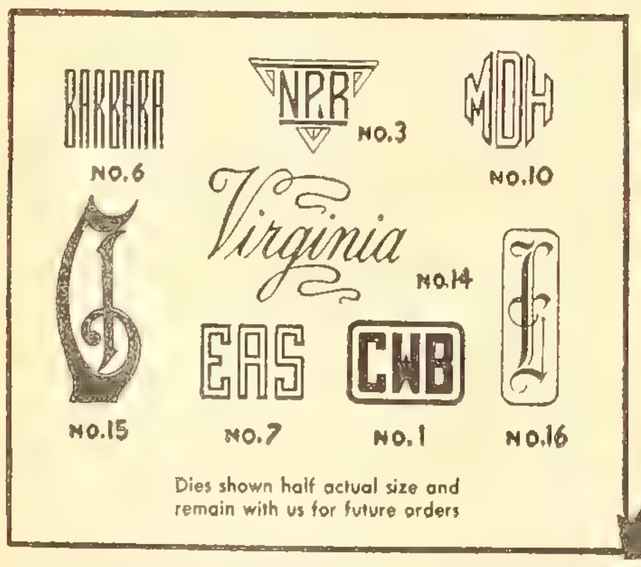


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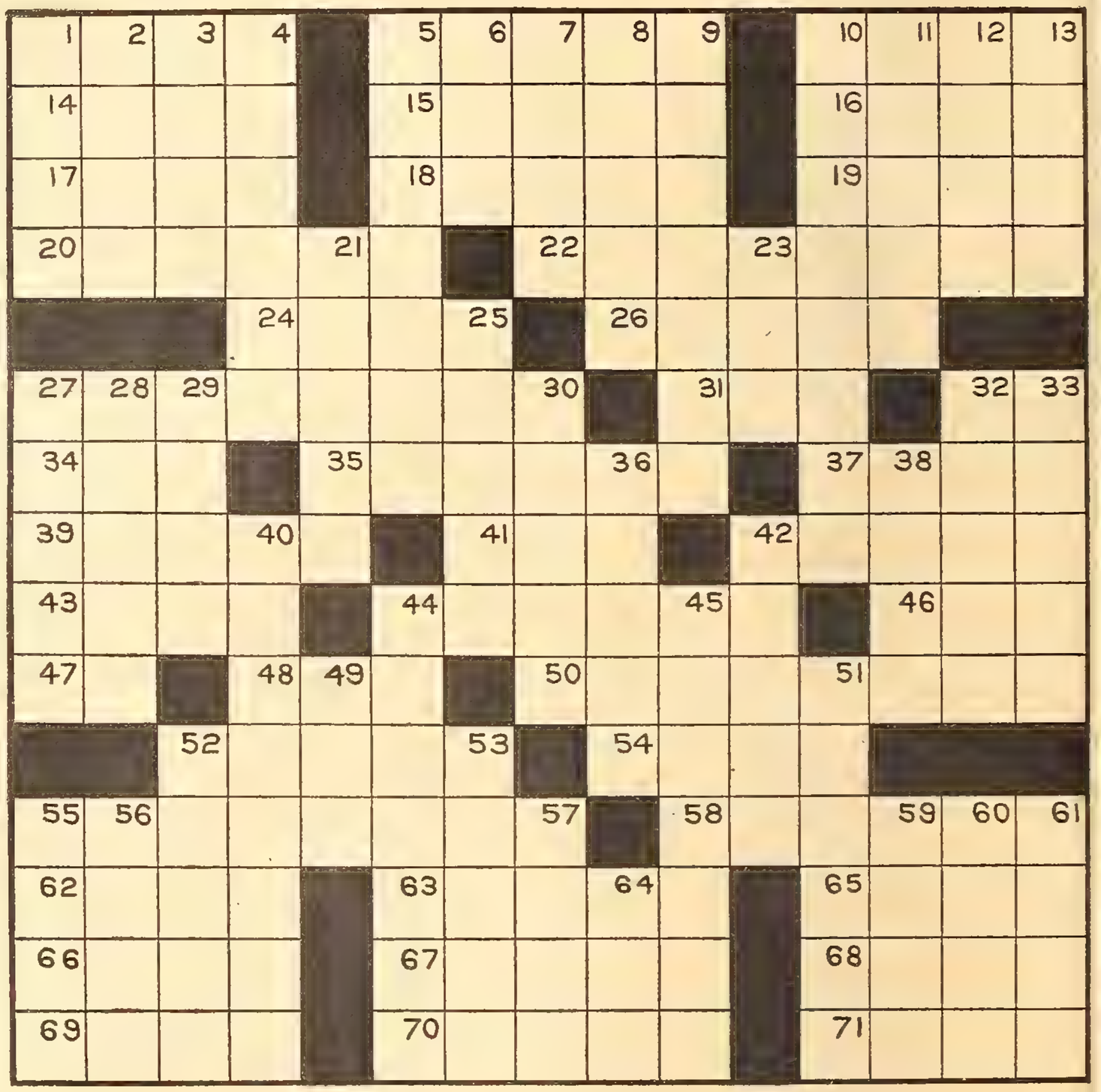
☐ Please send FREE BROCHURE.


# SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

## By Alma Talley



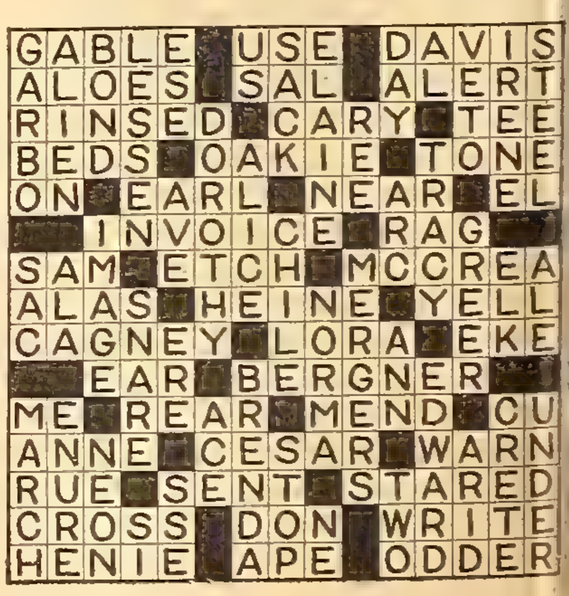
ACROSS

1. Co-star, "The Great Man's Lady"
5. Co-star, "Wild Bill Hickok Rides"
10. Boast
14. Leer
15. She's featured in "Bullet Scars"
16. Cotton fabric
17. Soldiers' equipment
18. Lacks
19. Upon
20. Made a home (as birds)
22. Redyed
24. Bad
26. Herbs
27. Co-star, "Kings Row"
31. Golf term
32. Since
34. Help
35. Her last film was "To Be or Not to Be"
37. For fear that
39. Tuft of feathers
41. Sticky substance
42. Roofing material
43. He's featured in "Frisco Lil"
44. She's featured in "The Glass Key"
46. To plant
47. Steamship (abbrev.)
48. "Dudes - - - Pretty People" (Hal Roach comedy)
50. What the audience does at an Abbott-Costello film
52. To pass a law
54. Dry up
55. Her new one is "He Kissed the Bride"
58. To jump again
62. Bright
63. She used to co-star with Marie Dressler
65. *Scarlett O'Hara's* home
66. He plays *Jitters* in "The Night Before the Divorce"
67. Type of poem
68. Roughly elliptical
69. Wane (obs.)
70. A native East-Indian soldier
71. Birds' beaks

DOWN

1. Co-star, "Twin Beds"
2. Mythical monster
3. Shade trees
4. Comic strip character
5. Play by George Bernard Shaw
6. Fruit drink
7. Malt drink
8. Ancient
9. Having made a will
10. Co-star, "Lady for a Night"
11. Leases
12. Put up stakes, as in poker
13. "Lady Be - - - -," with Eleanor Powell
21. Oust
23. Anger
25. A musical composition with slow movement
27. Bags
28. Engages
29. "The Adventures of Martin - - - -," with Glenn Ford
30. Middays
32. She got an Oscar this year (best supporting rôle)
33. Boils slowly
36. Cuts of meat
38. Facility
40. Co-star, "The Great Man's Lady"
42. Sacred (French)
44. Is suitable
45. Co-star, "Rings on Her Fingers"
49. "A Yank in the - - -," a movie
51. Film comedienne, now on the New York stage
52. Artist's stand
53. Figure of speech
55. Bird's maw
56. A part or character taken by an actor
57. To let fall
59. Edge of a roof
60. Gamin
61. Friends (slang)
64. Fuss

### Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



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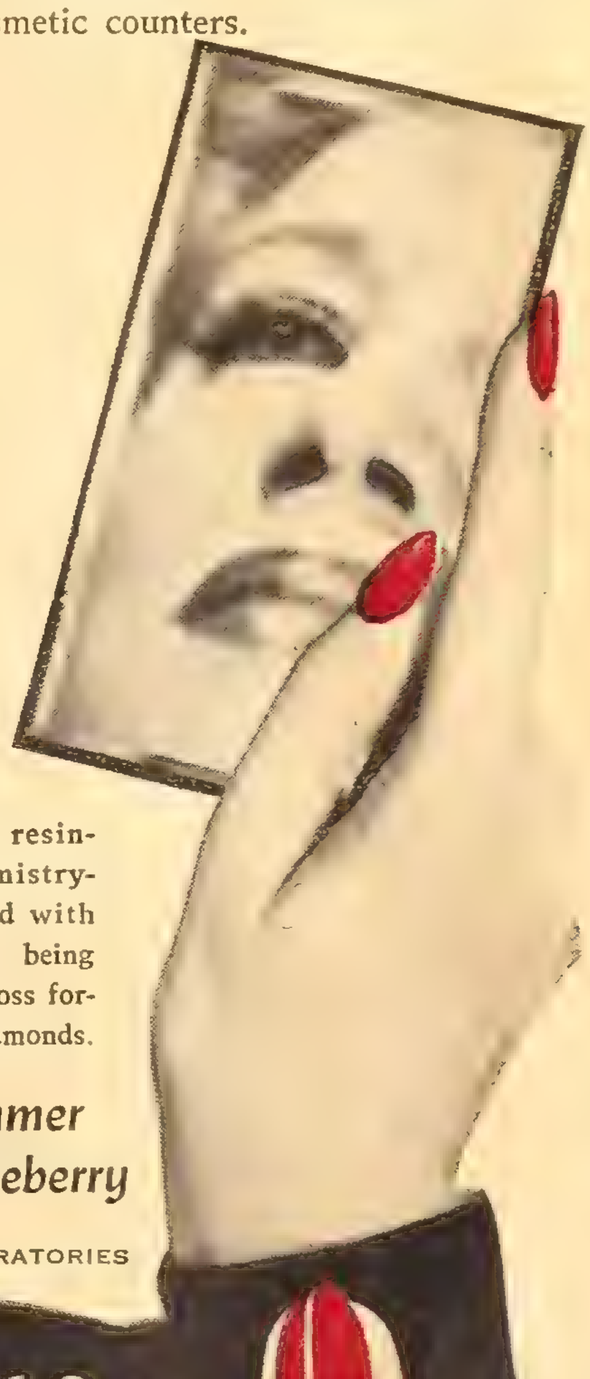
*Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;*
*and this polish "stays on" amazingly*

What causes the exceptional *brilliance,* the luster and *life,* of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish? How is it that Dura-Gloss brings you such pretty compliments? Dura-Gloss contains CHRYSTALLYNE.* Chrystallyne gives Dura-Gloss all its own glamorous brilliance and blessed powers of adhesion. Chrystallyne is the reason Dura-Gloss makes your nails glisten with shimmering highlights, radiate light and *life!* The reason Dura-Gloss *stays with* your nails not just one or two days, but *many.* The reason Dura-Gloss has carried the United States like a landslide! It transforms your fingernails into ten fabulously beautiful jewels! Make Dura-Gloss *your* polish . . . for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Twenty shades. At all cosmetic counters.



*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

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*Blackberry Mulberry Wineberry*

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*the most beautiful fingernails in the world*

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# Strike Up Your Own Band!

Continued from page 25

cided to put his offsprings' excessive energy to some use. The two little boys were as fond of quarreling as they were of each other. So he banished them to the cellar for six hours every day. They had one saxophone between them. Jimmy got the sax, Tommy the black eye.

That black eye, however, helped "strike up the band" for the Dorsey brothers. As a salve, his Dad bought him the trombone, on his fourth birthday!

"But," advises Tommy, "unless a youngster is training to be an acrobat, I'd recommend some smaller instrument as a starter."

For several years, until he grew up to his horn, he had to swing his left arm way out to the side and around to the back in order to open up the slidehorn to anywhere near its full length. As a result, he's almost double-jointed in the left shoulder, and his left arm is so much larger that the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wardrobe department had to alter the suits they had tailored for the band leader's rôle in "Ship Ahoy." Two pairs of gloves, one size seven, the other eight, had to be matched in order to assemble a single pair to fit Tommy's mismatched hands.

But there was a long pull between then and the time Mr. Tommy Dorsey became a movie star. First thing the two Dorsey boys did was set up in competition to their Dad.

"The only way to get up a band," says Dorsey, "is to round up every kid in your neighborhood and school, and start to play."

They did. There were nine of them—and twenty-six instruments. He and Jimmy could play any one of the brasses. He hoped the others could double-up as well. Anyway, they took a chance. They played their first engagement billed as "Shenandoah's Wild Canaries" at the Lanceford Public School's Junior Prom.

"It was jazz at its jazziest," Dorsey recalls. "As a matter of fact, we had to play the current hit, *Pullman Porter Blues,* fourteen times."

Tommy alternated between his trombone, a clarinet, and trumpet. Jimmy stayed with his sax, and tossed drumsticks in between hot licks, because their drummer could keep time but couldn't juggle the sticks.

Their first "pay" engagement came two weeks later. It was at Lawrencetown, Pa., eighty-five miles from home. So excited were the nine "Wild Canaries" that they packed three trunks of clothes for the three-hour ride! They each cleared $3.89 on the "engagement." Yes—that's how a band gets started.

"Seriously," points out the bandleader, "any youngster who feels life isn't worth living unless he can play in a band should organize one of his own. After five minutes of talking among his classmates, it is surprising how many youngsters he'll find who feel the same. Any kid who has a yen to toot a horn, beat a drum, or blow a sax, has a yen to be in a band. The organizer must remember, however, to be the boss. No band can have more than one leader."

Tommy knows from experience that this is true. So does Jimmy.

After the success of the "Wild Canaries," and it was a success, the Dorsey Brothers became known in Tin Pan Alley. Before long, they had more engagements than they could fulfill. Junior Proms gave way to Senior Balls. The local Elks, Masons, Knights of Columbus, all called on the "Wild Canaries" for music. Nine members swelled to twelve, then fifteen. Soon they had a boy for each one of the twenty-six instruments. Their placard, "Wild Canaries —They Chirp—You Twirl," plastered the community.

Tommy and Jimmy shared leadership. They didn't always see eye-to-eye. Their prowess as musicians, however, outweighed their difficulties as joint leaders and they were soon chosen by the then sensational "Scranton Sirens." In between engagements they played in their Dad's military band.

Tommy was then not quite seventeen, Jimmy two years older. The next ten years were spent on the "big time," switching from one name band to another on the road, in radio studios, in theaters. By 1934 they had blown their own two horns with everybody who was anybody—Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Andre Kostelanetz. Forgetting their adolescent tribulations as joint bandleaders, the Dorsey brothers organized another band. This time, they were definitely news. They had Bob Crosby for vocalist, Glenn Miller, trombonist, and Ray McKinley, drummer, a terrific nucleus for any band. On this talent point, Tommy is adamant.

"In organizing a band, look for enthusiasm in your musicians, but also look for musicians. To paraphrase the well-known chain adage, a band is only as strong as its finest musician. Nothing makes me more proud than the fact that Jimmy and I had such stars as Miller, Crosby, and McKinley in our first professional venture. No words of mine are needed to point out their subsequent success."

After almost two years of this, the brothers decided the band once again had one too many leaders.

"By this time we had both hit upon strong individual styles, and, frankly, we both wanted free rein to develop them. So," says Tommy, "Jimmy and the boys started for the West Coast and I started from scratch."

Now Tommy really had a chance to put his theories about organizing a band into practice. First, he wanted a crew who couldn't keep from playing. He wanted boys who ate, slept, drank, talked and played jive. By this time, jazz was jive—Charleston was swing—foxtrot was jitterbug.

Secondly, he wanted an *all-star band.*

Today, he has just that. It wasn't easy. But it was worth the effort. On the 1941 "Downbeat" poll ("Downbeat" is the national swing magazine with a million and a half readers), the Tommy Dorsey band came out ahead with four winners, more than any other band in the country. Far in the lead was Buddy Rich, his drummer. Ziggy Elman was top man among the nation's trumpet players and singer Frank Sinatra, the country's favorite warbler. Frank also won the accolade of undergraduate hepcats from 152 universities. None other than colored man Sy Oliver was chosen as ace arranger.

Speaking of records, Tommy himself has won the Block Poll, making him the major trombonist in America. He was also elected president of "hot" bands from thirty-seven different colleges and universities. Tommy delights in these college "degrees"—he never went to college.

Along these record-breaking lines, he and his brother Jimmy, although warm friends, are also professional rivals. When Tommy opened at the Palladium in Los Angeles last year, he broke all existir records by playing to 6300 jitterbugs in single night. Jimmy bet he could beat th record. Several months later he did—by margin of 160. Then Tommy returned December 30. Jimmy offered to play Tommy's band if Tommy could top h record. And Tommy did. So now Tomm will have the highest paid saxophone play in the country as a member of his band for one night.

Jimmy doesn't care. These swingste eat, sleep, and breathe jive. They even ha a language all their own. "Solid on t beam," "cookin' with wide open bl flame," "hide-beater," "groan box," "lo hair," "joy pipe," "eighty eight," "gu bucket," "furry," "fluff," "rat wrestle," ma need interpretation for the rest of the wor but it doesn't to them and their hepc followers. Organize a band and live in world all your own. They're not conte with rehearsing eight hours a day on t movie set of "Ship Ahoy," recording fo more hours at night, working another tw on new arrangements for future engag ments. No, that isn't enough. Tommy to advantage of an "off" night by playing h trombone for Ray Noble's opening at t Cocoanut Grove!

He can't keep away from that trombo His boys are the same. Scarcely a nig goes by without a jam session. On Fra Sinatra's birthday last month, the enti band celebrated at the Hollywood Plaza with a party? No—with a jam session. N even Christmas is a holiday. Socialite d Cecil Cunningham, of Cincinnati, Ohio, d cided she couldn't, or wouldn't, "come ou unless Tommy Dorsey played at her par That meant the band had to fly to Ci cinnati in a specially charted plane fr the M-G-M sound stage, on Christmas E play at the party, and within forty-eig hours return in time for additional scen with Eleanor Powell and Red Skelton scenes for their film. The following nig they opened at the Palladium.

It's all in the life of a swing band. Th love it. But their wives and families? We there's some doubt there. The wives ha organized a "Defense Club." They atte symphonies just to keep in touch with t outer world. The boys do too, but th come home and swing the classics.

There's one thing about "striking up band"—you do see the world. 1941 fou the Dorsey troupe clocking a million tra miles. They appeared at leading hot throughout the country, played one-nig stands in dance halls from Broadway the nation's villages and hamlets, fulfill engagements in all the first-run theate and made two Hollywood trips. Added these have been barnstorming trips Ziggy Elman, ace trumpet player, whi totaled 50,000 miles, and by singer Fra Sinatra in the neighborhood of 36,0 Tommy, himself, has 150,000 miles on l log.

In these one million miles they've play to as many as 33,000 persons in three da at the Palace Theater in Akron, Oh 87,000 turned out in one-night engagemer at Cleveland, Detroit, Columbus, Dayt Lincoln, Indianapolis and Louisville. N York sophisticates gave their nod of a proval by turning out 3447 strong for D sey's opening night at the Astor Ho Roof. During the past four years the ba has returned seven times to New Yor Paramount Theater and in those seven a pearances played to three and a half milli people!

A plane is their taxi. But before Tom could get Ziggy Elman on his first trip had to take out a $100,000 insurance poli on Ziggy's life.

Yes, the band leader of today is t white-haired boy of the entertainme

# SURE YOU INHALE —SO PLAY SAFE

## with your throat!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can avoid worry about throat irritation,* even when you *do* inhale. Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

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orld. And the screen fare of today re- cts this popularity. It started with Paul hiteman and his "King of Jazz" back in 30. Those were the days when Bing osby was one of Whiteman's "Rhythm ys," and Tommy was the unknown trom- ne player in the same outfit. Then came ed Waring in "Varsity Show," Benny odman in "Hollywood Hotel," Horace idt in "Pot of Gold," Artie Shaw in Dancing Co-ed," Jimmy Dorsey shared nors with Dorothy Lamour in "The eets In," Gene Krupa divides them with ry Cooper in "Ball of Fire," and of urse, by now, Kay Kyser and Rud llee are definitely movie personalitie l are in the big money class—all start small town school bands.

Today, swing bands have developed i highly organized industry. Dorsey has ganization of sixty people. These inc usicians, arranger, press agents, mana okkeeper, publicity men, valet, and t iver. His salary places him in the ty ass with seventy-five cents out of llar going to the Government. He sixty-acre farm in Bernardsville, rsey, where his pride and joy imming pool—designed by Bing C duplicate of his own pool in Holl here Dorsey, the kid who used t meat truck in a little Pennsylva wn when his "Wild Canaries" ha eek, lives the life of a country squ me as a trombone player takes ace to his skill with a skillet. wiz at barbecuing spareribs. uces is said to be nectar. He's a his own music publishing hous encourages young composer owe and *I'll Never Smile Again* vidends on this policy. All, a sult of "striking up your own "There's grief along with th ere are plenty of ups and down

glory, for a brief time, anyway, there's also plenty of money, plenty of ways to lose it, but, above all," says Dorsey, "there's fun!"

Perhaps when Dorsey says fun, he's remembering the time Paul Whiteman and Joe Venuti were playing Billy Rose's spectacular show at the Casa Manana, Fort Worth, Texas. Whiteman, at one end of the amphitheater, was to lead his [illegible] a

the darkened night. Instead, Venuti lit a cigarette, and by some freak of nature the tiny cigarette point gleamed and shut out Whiteman's electrically equipped baton. The million dollar effect was ruined, but the boys still laugh at the mix-up. But they didn't laugh when a huge Greyhound bus backed over their instruments. Another night they were to record *Is This My*

GRIP-TUTH
HOLDS YOUR HAIR
Hollywood-perfect!

Lucky dog! Joan Leslie had a bomb-proof house built in the backyard for her pup. "Mike" doesn't quite get the idea of the sand bags. Joan will soon be seen in film, "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

waltz time, Henry Busse, Horace Heidt, Ray Noble, all came in for a razzing on the record.

P.S. Dorsey didn't have the nerve to sign it—but the record sold over a million!

He did sign *Once In Awhile, My Reverie, I'll Never Smile Again,* the three hits which played on the Hit Parade for fifteen weeks, a record never equaled before or since. Of course, *Marie* and *Song of India* are Dorsey trademarks.

They take their recording very seriously. Tommy warns: "A wise bandleader must do this if he wishes to keep on top. We frequently play a hit number as many as twenty-five times before the record company or the band itself is satisfied. In recording *Free For All,* we sweated over the three and a half minute musical for three days before we got what we wanted. Then, I caught a trumpet toot that sounded sour. It might not have been noticeable to the ordinary ear, but it was to us. The boys unanimously decided to rerecord. We [illegible] next day and recorded

## The Skin of an Angel

Continued from page 16

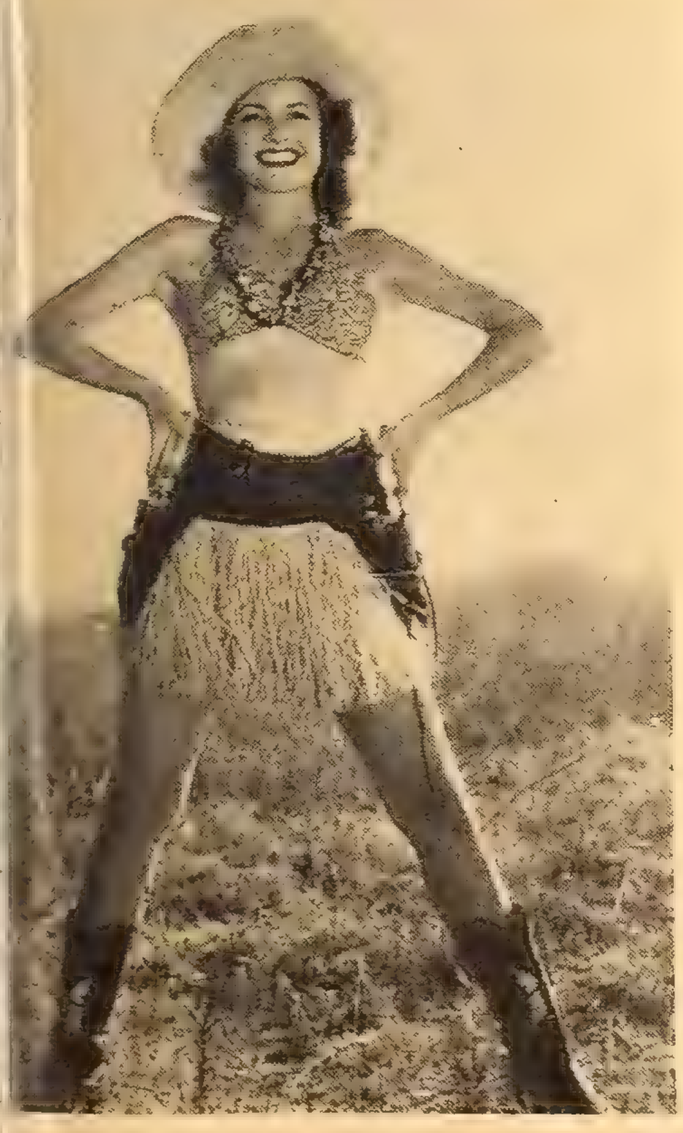
benefit of débutante and mother alike. W think they are good, that they will all the budget for bonds and leave some beauty, too; that they will leave plenty time for the Red Cross, volunteer defe work, as well as play and good tim Here goes:

*Soap and water and a brush:* "I wa my face with soap, water and a comple ion brush." Comment on this is that more people, especially the young, did j this, with emphasis on the complexi brush, there would be far less problems oily skin, coarse texture, blemishes a blackheads, to say nothing of a dull, sall tone. And comment on soap—fear no sho age. Use it lavishly for yourself, yo clothes, your home. Use it for beauty, health, and because soap manufacture is t most economical form of glycerine, ecessary in the making of munitions. town on soap; combine your prettin d patriotism in this practical way.

*ream:* After the real washing just me ed, Miss MacDonald will always ap r an oily cream, then thoroughly e it. For those who suffer a "draw g after soap and water, this is t ctive. When using make-up of a screen or the usual, Miss MacDona lways remove that with mineral il, or a cream with an almond he explodes the old wives' tale th cream can possibly grow hair . I would like to add to her co at this theory is just one of tho ike the moon being made of gre For a truly well-groomed, clea skin, it seems to me that th use of soap and water and crea as conditions warrant and for urpose, is the ideal.

*ay in the sun:* The sun in corre a great skin beautifier. Listen Donald—"When I've worked for a long time and never s ut the four walls of stage twent skin loses its glow. Let me pa y in the sun and the glow r the sun dries natural oils o and so I always apply oil

, neck, and arms before sun bathing."
*he cart before the horse in make-up:* hen my face has been washed and oil cream applied, as mentioned, and wiped I put on lipstick. This seems to give my a better shape. Then comes cream ge—I use the tip of my lipstick, a tiny on each cheek. This assures me perfect r coordination. Then I pat on powder, ch with a little dry rouge if necessary, add mascara."
*low to look natural:* "Blending of make- is most important. I wipe excess powder my lips with a tissue, and with a soft der or baby brush and tissue I blend powder over my face so that not one fleck of it shows. The very best test of finished street make-up is to look at rself out of doors. This is a perfect because the dressing-table mirror is n deceiving."
*low to stay that way:* "The well-blended et make-up will last for hours. If I w I'm going to be out all day, I take g a little cream and change make-up to keep looking fresh and clean." This he secret of more than one lovely com- kion—fresh, truly fresh, make-up.
*quick facial:* "About once a week I e myself a quick facial. I put damp al- d meal all over my face, rub it into the and allow it to remain on about five utes. Then I rinse off and scrub my with a brush." If you don't go for the ond meal idea, there are splended pick- cream masks, wonderful for quickly king "tired" skin look fresh and vital.
*he eyes get it:* "As I said, I like oil for oving make-up, so when I've been work- under blinding lights or exposed to ght sun, I use castor oil about my eyes. s is softening to dried or strained skin." creams designed for this purpose are very helpful.
*inis:* "This," said this angel star from green and white portable dressing m, "is my routine. It is successful for Perhaps others have more successful hods. But beauty is like religion—each t work out his own salvation." So very ! But lacking a better plan this general tine gets a high rating from this de- tment.



et Blair, a singer with the late Hal Kemp's d before the movies claimed her, is fea- d with Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy in o Yanks In Trinidad." Her next, "Cover Girls."

Original gown by Nanty, Inc., New York

# Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

**PUT FRESH #2** *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
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5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

**Make your own test.** Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not *stop* perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.

# "In Old California"

Continued from page 31

in his arms, and there was a froth of lace petticoats, the rustling of taffeta as she struggled, her small fists pummeling his broad shoulders. "Put me down," she insisted.

"Nonsense," Tom laughed. "The mud's ankle deep. I think I'm going to like the West. Up to now, it's most enjoyable."

"Put me down," she said imperiously. "Unless you want lead in your back."

Tom turned and saw Britt throw down the planks he had ripped off the street and start after them. But he only held her the tighter as he started up the gangplank.

"I always finish what I start," he said.

Only when he reached the deck did he put her down and as he did he was struck off guard by a hard blow from Britt which sent him staggering against the rail.

"That'll learn you to lay hands on the lady I aim to marry!" Britt roared.

"I'm sorry I'm so ignorant of the customs here." Tom looked at him quietly. "Back home in Boston it's considered only good manners to carry a lady across a muddy street. Anybody see my hat?" he asked casually and then as the boy who had carried his luggage ran over to him with it, he took a silver dollar out of his pocket. "Wait," he said as the boy reached for it. "I'll bend it for luck."

Britt stared at him unbelieving and Lacey caught her breath as he held the coin between his fingers, bending it as if it were a bit of rubber. Then with another grin he swept Lacey a mocking bow and went down to his cabin.

It had been an uneventful journey but now adventure was crowding in on him. First there was the huge frontiersman, Kegs McKeever, driven to madness by an aching tooth, who had been hustled on board at the last minute by the barmen of a saloon he had practically wrecked in his agony. But after Tom had applied medicine the pain was gone and with it the fury which had possessed the man and he became as gentle as a dog who had found his master.

Tom heard more about Britt from Kegs, heard how when a homestead was going good and the profits were rolling in, Britt and his brother Joe and the rest of the Dawson gang would force themselves into a partnership, paying a tenth of what it was worth. For there was no law in Sacramento, only Britt Dawson's rule of terror.

Knowing that made him understand the better the shooting that took place those few hours afterwards. He had heard a shot and taking his first aid bag hurried to the cabin down the corridor. Britt was standing there, his hand still on the hilt of the gun he had pushed back in its holster and another man, white and desperate, faced him, his trigger finger broken and bleeding and on a crude table lay a deed to the wounded man's property, just needing his signature to turn half of it over to Britt.

"How did this happen?" Tom asked as he bent over to examine the finger.

Britt flashed a warning look to the other. "The clumsy galoot grabbed his gun up by the barrel, knocked it against something and it went off in his hand. That's how it happened, isn't it, Carlin?" Then as the homesteader didn't answer, he grinned. "Folks as careless as that oughtn't to own a gun, so watch yourself in the future, Pal." And with another long, warning look he left.

Tom looked searchingly at Carlin as he began bandaging the wound. "Now, how did it really happen?" he asked.

"You heard Dawson." Carlin looked sullen and beaten. "You better believe him, if you know what's good for you."

"Funny thing, I don't believe him." Tom straightened and closed his bag. "Keep your hand in a sling for a while and if I were you I wouldn't sign that paper."

It was Lacey who saw him first as he stepped out on deck again, Lacey who had never been frightened of anything in her life, frightened now as she felt that wild singing in her heart as he looked at her. No man had ever made her feel like this before, not even Britt whom she had promised to marry. Now looking at Tom she knew it hadn't been love, that thing she had felt for Britt. Pride in his ruthlessness maybe, his strength, pride in knowing this swaggering man who had regard for no one adored her so much he could deny her nothing, pride in the thought of the house he had promised to build her, the house which would have the first porcelain bath tub to reach the West, the house that would have red carpets and lace curtains in every room, the house with the cut-glass chandeliers and gold doorknobs he had promised her, the house which would make all the things she had ever dreamed of come true. But somehow they didn't matter now, looking at Tom. None of them mattered. She would go to this stranger without a house or food, she would beg for him or steal for him if he wanted her. But he didn't. There was only amusement in his glance as he looked at her.

Britt saw the hot color flame to her cheeks and his eyes hardened as he walked over to Tom. "Are you aiming to stay in Sacramento?" he asked.

"Yes." Tom faced him steadily. "I intend to settle there and open a drug store. They'll need it all right if you continue to be so fast on the draw."

"How do you mean that?" Britt asked darkly.

"I don't see how even a 'clumsy galoot' could shoot himself in his own right hand," Tom said quietly.

"Is that a polite way of calling me a liar?" Britt's hand went to his holster and Lacey interrupted quickly.

"Now, Britt, he didn't call you anything," she said placatingly but the man only gave her a warning look.

**CAST**

**"IN OLD CALIFORNIA"**

(A Republic Picture)

Screenplay by Gertrude Purcell. Original story by J. Robert Bren and Gladys Atwater. Director, William McGann. Associate Producer, Bobby North.

*Tom Craig* .....John Wayne
*Lacey Miller* .....Binnie Barnes
*Britt Dawson* .....Albert Dekker
*Ellen Sanford* .....Helen Parrish
*Helga* ..... Patsy Kelly
*Kegs McKeever*.....Edgar Kennedy
*Joe Dawson* .....Dick Purcell

"Don't mix into this, Lacey," he cautioned brusquely. Then turning to Tom again, "I asked you a question."

Tom looked at him steadily. "Let's say your version of how it happened shows a lot of imagination, shall we?"

"Is that fancy for saying you don't believe me?" Britt demanded, making a quick motion to his men.

"Yes," Tom said, and he was facing Britt so he did not see the others creep up behind him, making it easy for them to catch him off balance and throw him over the rail. But as he struck the water he heard Kegs bellowing.

"Keep going, Pardner! I'm stayin' with you." And there was another splash as Kegs dove after him.

Lacey ran to the rail, her breath quickening as she saw Tom swimming toward shore. Then she heard Britt's voice behind her and knew the warning in it was meant as much for her as the others.

"Take your choice, folks. Anyone here can have a bath or a drink on me." Then as the crowd hesitated he went on grimly, "It'll be drinks, I see. And understand, we don't want that pill peddler in Sacramento. And if he shows up any friend of mine will run him out of town."

People from Sacramento listened when Britt talked and when Tom and Kegs arrived there at last there wasn't a man in town who would rent them a store. Even Tom was almost willing to admit defeat when he discovered the last empty shack in town belonged to Lacey. But on a last desperate chance he went to Britt's saloon to see her.

"I had a feeling you'd turn up," Lacey said quietly as he came over to her.

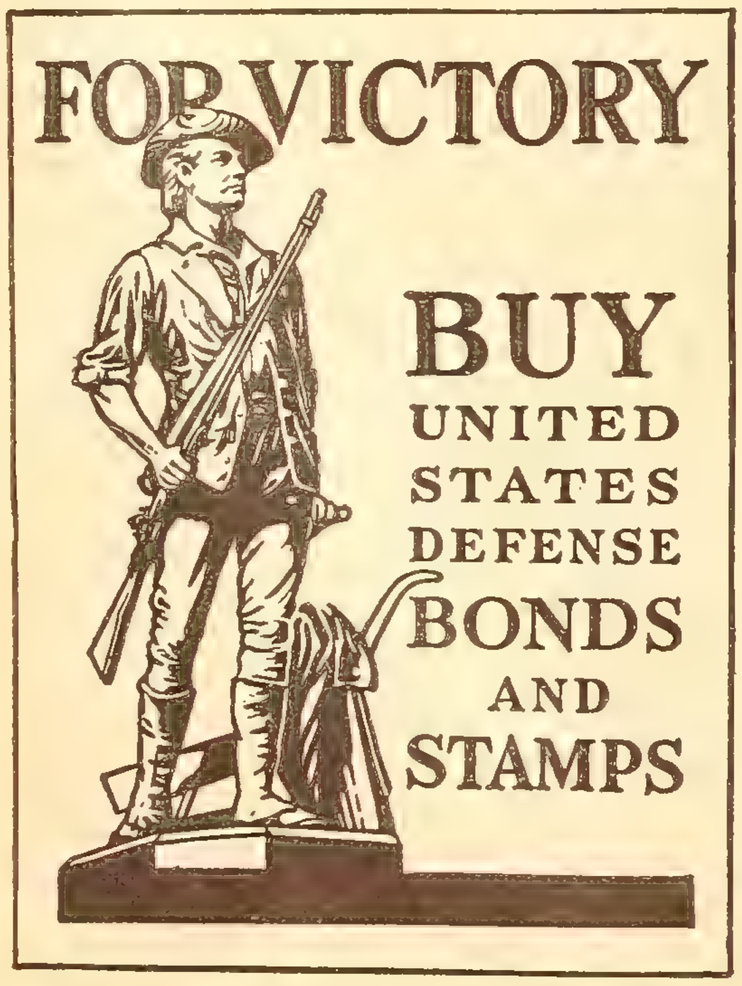
"Does that mean I can sit down?" Tom grinned and then as she nodded, disregarding her maid's whispered protest, he took the chair facing her. "There must be something queer in the air here. I've been all over town and there isn't a store owner here who's not afraid to rent me a shack."

Lacey looked at him. "Listen," she said. "I own the shack next door and I'm not afraid of Britt Dawson. I don't have to be afraid. I do as I like, Boston. And a drug store ought to be a real gold mine here. You could charge a dollar a pill."

"That's not the idea." Tom smiled. "I'd only charge a fair price, make a fair profit. I'd give half the profits as rent. We'd be partners."

Lacey held out her hand then. "It's a deal!" She smiled.

It was ridiculous going against Britt this way, taking sides against him for this stranger. It was like stacking all her cards against herself, but Lacey didn't care. She who had always taken before



was giving now, she who had always demanded was asking nothing but the chance to be near this man she scarcely knew, to help him in any way she could.

She went to the store the day it opened, dressed in the beruffled new gown she had bought in San Francisco, that she lifted so coquettishly as she crossed the street, showing the lace flounces of her petticoats. And her heart skipped a beat as Tom came to meet her at the door.

"It looks grand, Tom." Her eyes shone as she glanced inside. "What'll I buy, for luck? What would you say I need?"

"I can't think of a darn thing," Tom grinned. "You look absolutely radiant."

Lacey blushed like a school girl at that and her heart lifted to her eyes as she looked at him. For a moment the spell that held her held Tom too, so that he came closer and there was that look in his eyes she had seen in so many men's eyes and that had meant nothing until now. Then suddenly the spell was gone, for a carriage was stopping outside the store and Lacey saw Rosita and Maria Alvarez, daughters of one of the Spanish dons who considered themselves the aristocracy of Sacramento. But it wasn't they who held her attention; it was the girl sitting on the seat between them, the girl Lacey recognized as their guest, Ellen Sanford, whose father was a power in San Francisco; the small girl with the smooth hair which made her own seem too brilliantly yellow and elaborately got up, and wearing the simple dress that made her own look suddenly vulgar and pretentious. And the girl was looking at Tom.

She whispered something to the others who gave an order to the driver and he stopped and she looked so helpless and appealing as she started to get out of the carriage that Tom went over to her and lifted her down to the crude sidewalk.

"May I have a glass of water?" she whispered, and then she caught Tom's arm and leaned against him. "I'm afraid I'm going to faint."

So this was what being a lady meant, Lacey thought, as she saw the amused glances of the Alvarez girls as Ellen slumped against Tom. It meant getting away with silly frauds like this to demand attention, it meant guile and cheating and trickery that Lacey would have scorned. And she was getting away with it; Lacey knew that when she saw how tenderly Tom carried Ellen into the store.

"Get some water, Lacey, quick!" he said and she felt her fury rising as she obeyed. But when she brought the water back the girl's eyes were open again.

"How stupid of me," she whispered. "It must have been the sun."

Lacey knew she shouldn't lose her temper but she couldn't help it. "There's not sun enough out to warm a rattlesnake," she said contemptuously, and then she tried to blink back the tears smarting against her eyelids as she saw Tom's frown and the girl's triumphant smile.

It was torture for Lacey after that, having to stand aside knowing Tom and Ellen were together, seeing them ride out to the hill country, and go to church together Sunday morning; Ellen so small and demure with her eyes downcast under her small bonnet that looked like Spring itself with its small wreath of flowers matching the pink and white of her skin. And it didn't help that day Ellen left on the stage for San Francisco with Lacey knowing she had promised to marry Tom before she left.

Then came the night Britt and his gang went on a mad land-grabbing spree, burning down some homesteads and driving families off others and Tom hearing what was happening rode furiously through the countryside, rallying the settlers to the Higgins

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place where they all made a stand together, a crowd of angry, determined men defending their land and homesteads. And because they had got together now and hadn't waited to be attacked singly, they drove off the marauders.

The triumphant settlers rode into town to celebrate, choosing Britt's own saloon to make their victory the more marked. Lacey was singing when they came in and her voice faltered as she saw Britt give Tom that long hard look before he beckoned to his brother and went out.

She sang so fast then, the piano couldn't keep up with her, and though everyone shouted for an encore she only smiled and shook her head. She had to know what Britt was going to do. That look he had given Tom frightened her. But she seemed casual and unconcerned as she walked over to Kegs.

"Keep Boston in here, if you have to hog-tie him," she whispered. Then cautioning him to silence she sauntered toward the door. It was only when she reached the street that she began to run and her heart skipped a beat when she saw the two men pressed close to the wall of the drug store, their guns drawn and ready.

"Britt!" she demanded breathlessly. "Who are you waiting for?" And then as he didn't answer: "Listen, Britt," she said tensely. "I'm warning you, if you do anything to harm Tom, you're out of my life for good."

Britt's jaw tightened as he looked at her. Then reluctantly he put the gun back in his holster.

"All right, Lacey," he said slowly. "You win. You know I wouldn't do anything to lose you. And such being the case," he grinned disarmingly, as he crooked his elbow with an elaborate flourish, "allow me the honor of escorting you back to the Mirror Palace, stylish, like they do in Boston."

It was Whitey, the town drunk, who lurched against them as they went into the saloon, who gave Britt his idea. There were more ways of killing a man than shooting him, ways in which no one, even Lacey, would suspect him of having a part. Hadn't he pulled smart tricks before, such as the time he incited a riot against an unruly settler and had him lynched for stealing his own cattle? And couldn't he pull one again? What if that tonic of Tom's which was so popular with the whole town should be poisoned and someone died because of it—Whitey, say, who would drink anything, wouldn't that be enough to make the people who were hailing Tom as a hero today turn against him tomorrow? Britt grinned as he decided it would.

It was Kegs who discovered Whitey's body the next morning when he opened the store, with the empty bottle of Craig's tonic lying beside it. Then Tom came in and there was an ominous silence from the crowd which seemed to have sprung from nowhere as he examined the body, and somebody whispered tensely as he took up the bottle and smelled it, his eyes narrowing as he put a drop of the liquid on his finger and tasted it.

"Poison," he said then. "There must have been enough laudanum in that bottle to kill a mule."

"How'd it get there, Craig?" someone shouted.

"I don't know." Tom's voice sounded hopeless as he stared around the room. "And I don't know how Whitey got that bottle either. I didn't sell it to him."

"Yeah," someone shouted derisively. "An' if it hadn't been for Whitey's mighty thirst, it might have been Tompkins here who got it, for it's ticketed with his name."

A huge settler grabbed the bottle and his face blanched as he read his name on

Mike Arrand, a marine, got a big thrill out of receiving a kiss from lovely Lana Turner at Victory House in Los Angeles, where her visit spurred sales of Defense Bonds and Stamps.

the label. "It might have been my kids!" he whispered.

"It could have been any of our kids!" someone else shouted. "Wonder we ain't all dead like Whitey."

"Hang him!" a voice roared and then all the others took up the cry. "Get a rope, someone! Quick!" And then as they pulled him out to the street, "Run that buckboard there up to that big tree."

"No! No!" a woman screamed and Tom turned to see Lacey run after the men who had started unhitching the carriage. "You're not going to use my buckboard for any hanging." She tried to pull them back, fighting like a wildcat. But they only laughed at her. Then as she turned entreatingly toward the crowd, she saw a man on horseback coming.

"Gold!" he shouted, curbing his horse. "They've discovered gold at Sutter's mill. They're pickin' it up in chunks. There's a rush on!"

A breathless excitement swept through the crowd and Lacey seized on it in a last desperate hope.

"Hoist me up on the wagon, Kegs," she ordered. And as he did so she flung out her arms for attention. "What do you want with a lynching, that some of you'll be certain to swing for when the law gets word of it?" she shouted. "Gold's been discovered. What are you waiting for? Are you going to stand here and let all of California get there ahead of you?"

She stopped, almost afraid to believe it when she saw the first men leave. Then she knew she had succeeded. The crowd was breaking up, their lust for gold stronger than any lust for revenge. Even Joe Dawson was caught by the excitement her words kindled as he turned to Britt who had been standing unobtrusively in the back of the crowd. "What in tarnation are we hangin' around for?" he demanded. "Come on, let's get in on this gold grab. Come out of it, Britt, Craig'll keep."

"That fellow has the devil's own luck!" Britt spat disgustedly as he saw the crowd separating. "But you're right. I can come back and get him. And I'll bring a gold mine for Lacey to dry her eyes on so she won't feel too bad."

He was swaggering as he said it but he didn't swagger when Lacey came over

to him, her eyes flashing as she took off the necklace he had given her and flung it at him. For Britt knew that all of his plans had gone wrong as he followed her into the saloon and up the stairs to her room off the balcony. He had lost her, there wasn't any doubt of that as she faced him over the suitcase she had dragged out of her closet.

"I got to know the reason of this, Lacey," he said.

"The reason of it is the way Whitey died," she said evenly. "You were behind that because you were the only person in town who had anything against Tom. And I don't want that necklace or anything else from you, from now on."

"Listen here, Lacey." Britt's eyes narrowed. "I don't admit monkeying with that medicine. I don't admit anything. But what gets me is why you're taking on like this. Thunderation! I've killed men before."

"I know." Lacey lifted her head. "But shooting it out in the open, face to face, has something honest and square about it. Killing with poison is sneaky and low-down."

"Lacey." He went over to her, catching her by the shoulders and forcing her to look at him. "No matter what you think has happened, let's forget it and start all over again."

"Let me go!" She tried to break away from him. "If you held me here forever, it wouldn't make me different. I'm through."

He looked at her as if he were going to plead again. Then suddenly he pushed her away so violently that he flung her halfway across the room. "Go to him then," he said harshly. "He can have you and welcome."

But Lacey only went to Tom to say goodbye. He was alone in the store when she came in and his eyes brightened when he saw her.

"Why, Lacey, don't you look grand!" he smiled.

Lacey was the closest she had ever come to being self-conscious as she glanced down on the simple dress she was wearing, the dress that was almost a copy of the one Ellen had worn that day she had come to the store. Silly, that hope she had in the beginning that dressing like a lady might make Tom like her.

Diana Barrymore and Robert Stack, who have leads in "Eagle Squadron," inspect Walt Disney's insignia of the RAF's famed Eagle Squadron as it will appear in the picture.


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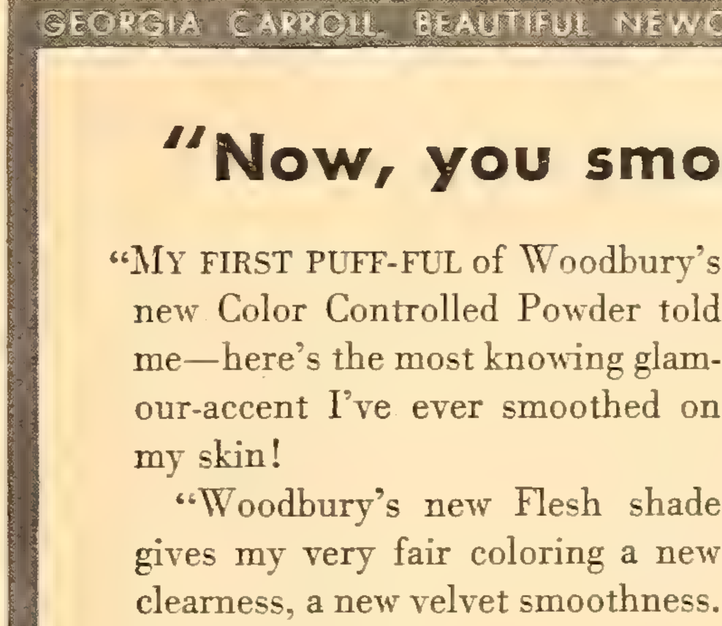

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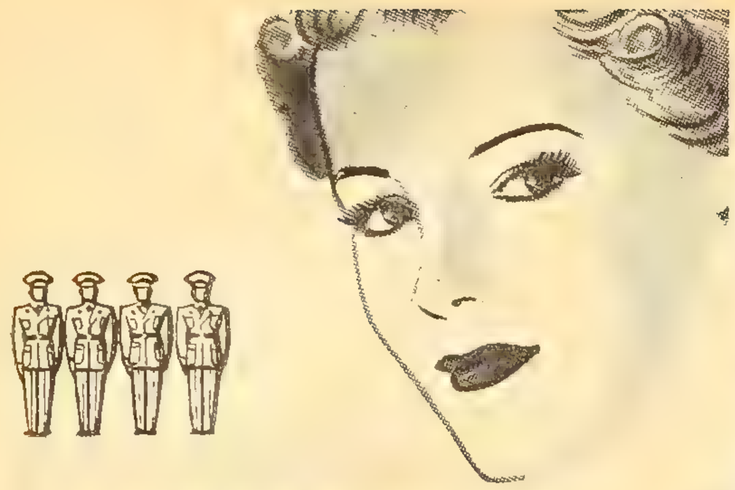

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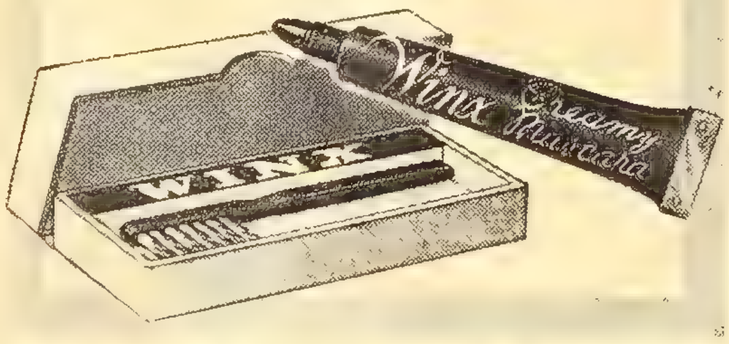




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The boys in blue had fun serving tea to screen star Bette Davis at a recent Navy Relief Society show. Bette, who is appearing in "In This Our Life," had a good time, too.

"It's just a little travelling outfit Helga and I made." She smiled shyly. "Do you like it?"

"You're not leaving town?" Tom protested.

"Yes." Her voice came almost gaily now. "I'm headed for the gold camps, like all the rest of the world. But I'm going to dig it the easy way, out of miners' pockets. I figure there's nothing they need at the camps right now as much as entertainment." Suddenly she couldn't pretend any longer and the tears came as she ran over to him and tall as she was, she had to stand on tiptoe to reach his lips as she kissed him. "I don't regret any of it, Boston," she whispered. Then without a backward glance she was gone.

For a moment there was that wild pounding in Tom's heart, then that sickening down-beat as he saw her cross the street and get into the buckboard beside Helga. Kegs had already gone to the gold fields and now she was going, the last friend he had in Sacramento. It seemed useless staying on in this town that hated him, but Tom knew he would have to stay or he could never look himself in the face again.

But it was useless. None of the townspeople who had remained came near him and at the end he had to acknowledge defeat and close the store.

He was packing his supplies when a soft voice hailed him from the doorway and he turned to see Ellen standing there. Ever since she had left, her letters had urged him to come to San Francisco and he had always refused, feeling he was needed so much more in this small town. Now her small triumphant smile came as she thought she had won. Then before she could say anything the door burst open and Kegs came in, his clothes torn and mud-stained.

"Hey, Boston, glad I cotched you." His words came in an exhausted breathless flood. "I've been ridin' day and night. Corral all the medicine you kin, they need everything. Lacey sent me to get you and there ain't no time to waste. You gotta come along poco pronto!"

Ellen's eyes narrowed. "What in the world are you talking about?" she demanded petulantly.

"Him." Kegs jerked his finger toward Tom. "They want him up to the camps. There's fever and nothin' to cure it with. They've got a doctor but he needs medicine—fast."

"Here." Tom dragged out another packing box. "Get to work, Kegs. It's a good thing I've already started packing."

"You mean you're going?" Ellen's voice rose shrilly. "What business is it of yours?"

"It's my job to go," Tom said quietly. "Make it yours too, Ellen. Come along and help me. Please."

"Are you completely out of your mind?" She stared at him incredulously. "Do you think I'd risk my life for people who mean nothing to me?"

"Do they really mean nothing to you?" Tom asked steadily.

"You and your high ideals!" She laughed scornfully. "Where did they ever get you? Would you really help people who turned against you as this town did?" And then as he nodded, "I'm going back to San Francisco. Are you coming with me?"

"I'm going up to the gold camps first," he said.

"Then don't bother to come back—ever." And as she turned and left Kegs shook his head.

"I seen that same look in a rattler's eye," he said.

It was late that night before the wagons filled with supplies rolled out of town, manned by the volunteers Tom had persuaded to help them. And as they kept that steady pace toward the camps they passed the other wagons and the men on horseback and on foot rushing desperately away from the epidemic.

The Dawsons had been among the first to leave. Their eyes narrowed as they pulled their horses up beside the road to let the wagon train pass. Britt spurred on his horse as the last wagon rolled by and shouted a question to one of the drivers.

"It's medicine going up to the camps," he told the others as he rode back. "Listen, there's a fortune in it for us. The folks in the camp are rolling in gold and if we corner all the medicine we can swap it for every nugget they've dug. Let's head 'em off and wait for 'em as they go through Digger Pass."

"I got to hand it to you, Britt." Joe laughed. "You're the meanest coyote this side of the Rockies."

"But remember," Britt grinned, "I claim the pleasure of picking Craig off myself. Let's get going."

It was almost sunrise when the wagons began going through the Pass and just as the last one entered the narrow chasm between the mountains the first shots were fired and they saw the outlaws on the rocks above them.

"Unhitch the horses! Take cover!" Tom shouted, trying to quiet his own plunging horses. But it was useless fighting back against those uneven odds. Tom knew that when he saw one driver after another fall.

"I'll have to take a long chance and go up and parley with them," he said grimly. "Unless we can get into the open, there won't be a driver left to get the wagons to camp."

"Boston, you're crazy!" Kegs tried to hold him back. "They'll load you full of lead."

"Let me go, Kegs." Tom shook off his restraining hand. "It's our only chance, Dawson!" he shouted. "I'm coming up to talk to you! Hold your fire!"

The firing ceased as he climbed up the rocks. But as he reached the summit and Britt stepped forward to meet him, he saw that he was covered by every gun in the gang.

"Order that train to surrender, Craig," Britt shouted. "Or we'll shut your mouth for you permanent. You got five minutes to make up your mind."

"I don't understand you fellows at all," Tom said quietly. "Most of you need what's in those wagons as much as anybody in the camps. You've been drinking the river water at your claim. That's where the fever comes from. Why should you escape out of all the camps? Don't you know they're dying like flies at Bear Claw and Shinebone Creek and Brandy—"

Britt stared at him. *"Bear Claw!"* he repeated dully. "That's where Lacey is. Maybe she's got it, too—maybe she's dying." He turned wildly to the others. "Let those wagons through!"

"No!" It was Joe who had shouted. "Rush them, boys. And you, Craig, talk yourself out of this!"

Tom ducked as he fired. Then he heard the other shot and saw the outlaw reeling and as he turned he saw it was Britt who had fired that shot. Britt staring at Tom now with that sickly grin on his face.

"Joe—had it—coming," he whispered as he fell. "Get the wagons to Bear Claw, quick!"

But it wasn't the last thing he did for Lacey, that gesture which sent the wagons rolling on with no more interference; there was that other thing he knew he was doing for her too as he whispered his guilt of Whitey's murder before the others crowding around, the whisper that cleared Tom of all guilt.

The sun had risen full in the sky when they reached Bear Claw at last and it was shining so clear and strong it made a halo of the smooth yellow hair of the woman running to meet them, the woman in the plain calico dress with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows. It was only when she stopped in front of him Tom saw it was Lacey.

"You—you look so different," he whispered.

"Do I?" she whispered. And then shyly, "These are going to be my working clothes from now on, Tom."

It was almost as if he were seeing her for the first time again, seeing how beautiful she was, even though her face was white and haggard with the fatigue of those sleepless days and nights she had spent nursing the fever victims. He had found the real Lacey at last and he felt as if his heart was kneeling to her as he caught her in his arms.


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# Here's Hollywood

By Weston East

Rita Hayworth takes the nation's slogan, "Keep 'Em Flying," as seriously as the rest of us; but when the cameraman caught her in a playful mood she couldn't resist giving her personal interpretation. Handsome Bill Edwards, screen newcomer, seems to be flashing her a smile from below—but he's taking his new career pretty seriously too, since he's been told he could be another Stirling Hayden. How about it, girls? See him in Warners' new picture, "The Hard Way" and make up your minds.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND and Jimmy Stewart were back together again. But only briefly. Burgess Meredith now lives in Jimmy's house. Burgess was back on furlough, so Olivia went over to have dinner with him. While they were at the table, they heard a key in the lock. The door opened and in walked Jimmy, also on furlough. It was the first time Olivia and Jimmy had met since they broke up nearly two years ago. That dreaded moment had come. Olivia was first to rush forward and greet Jimmy warmly. He was so happy to see her, he stammered for words. Later on both boys accompanied Olivia to her broadcast. That was all. Jimmy went back to his world. Olivia to hers.

NO MOVIE mama is Joan Blondell. When she took her two children to Sun Valley recently, Joan didn't drag along a retinue of servants. She dressed, bathed, and fed the kiddies herself. What's more, she loved every moment of it.

WHAT'S with our he-men of the movies? When Dietrich and Bruce Cabot worked together, he insisted she was too heavy for him to carry her in a scene. Now Melvyn Douglas, who is working with Joan Crawford, seems to be having similar trouble. When you see him carrying Joan up the stairs in the picture, *actually* she'll be sitting in a hidden wire seat. Invisible wires from the ceiling take away most of the weight. Wonder what Sir Walter Raleigh would have thought?

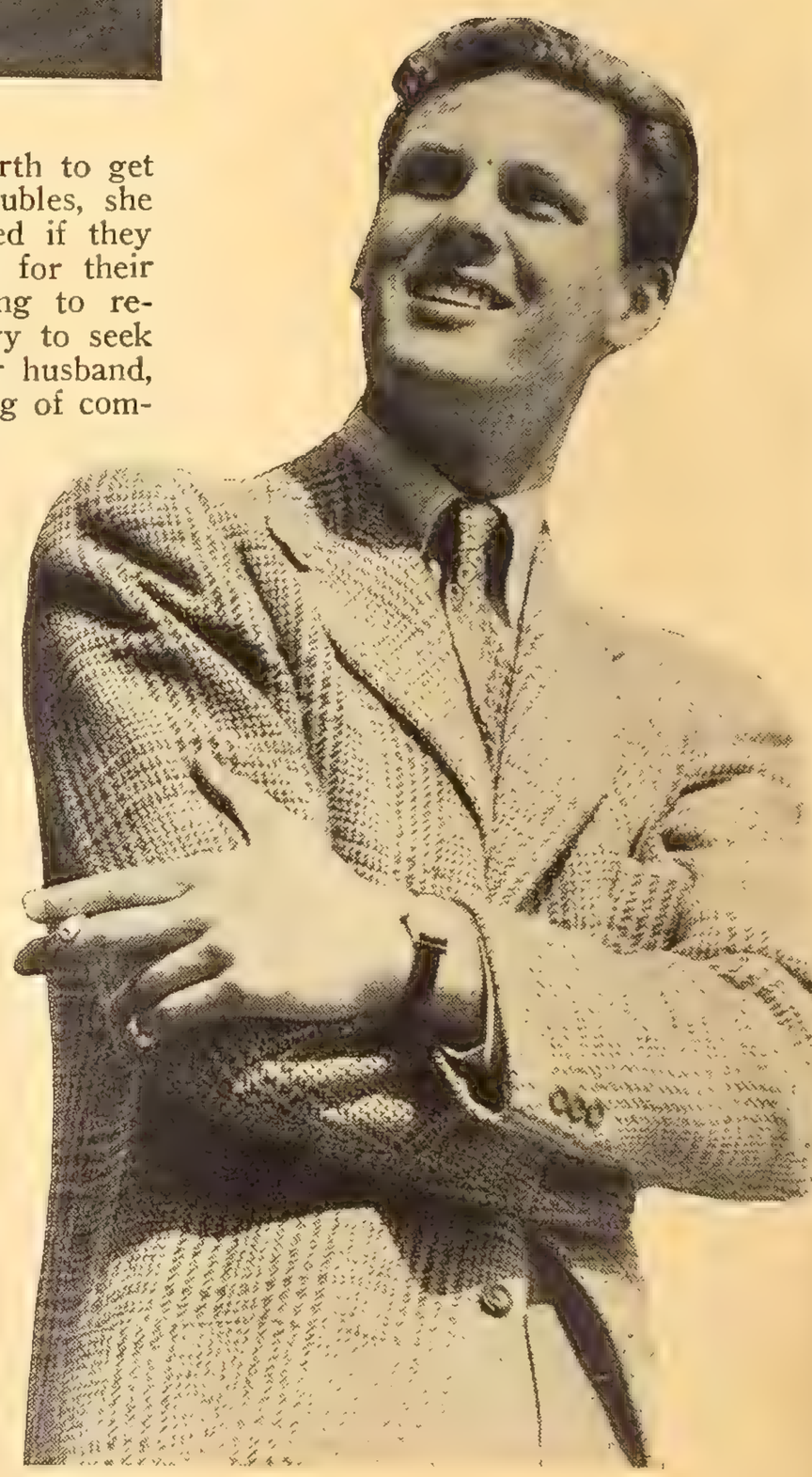
CHARLES BOYER may not appreciate this, but the girls were being anything but sarcastic. It was on "The Constant Nymph" set. Joan Fontaine, Jean Muir, Brenda Marshall and Alexis Smith were gathered together in a group. It was their first day working with Charles Boyer, so naturally they were pretty thrilled. An actor you all know walked up and asked them if they were disappointed in the fabulous Frenchman. "Not at all," they chorused. "Not only is he very sweet, but he's so helpful—and *fatherly!*" All this, and fatherhood too!

EVIDENTLY Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton have at last decided to take the big step. She's renting the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., home on the Hollywood Riviera. 'Tis rumored the future Mrs. Archibald Leach (Cary Grant to you) retains a staff of seventeen servants. At that rate, it shouldn't be too difficult to find someone around the house to brew an extra pot of tea.

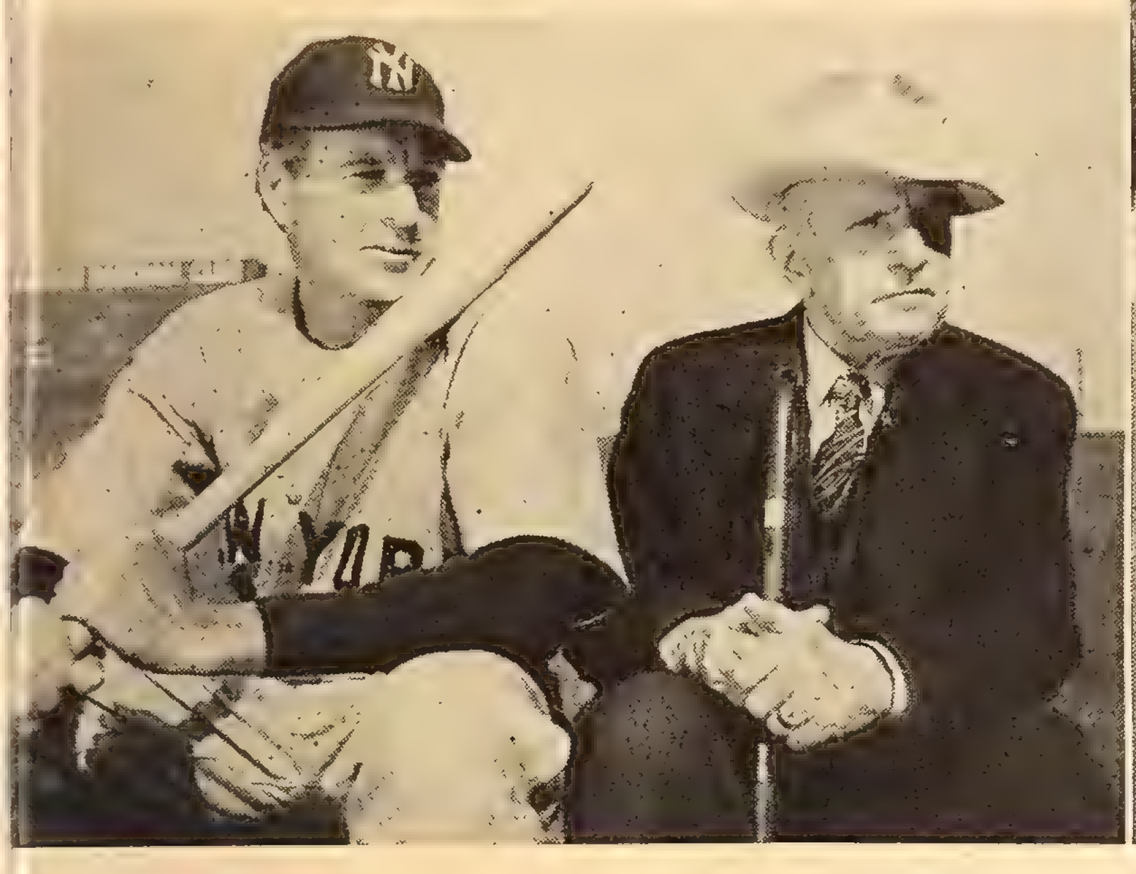
SO ANXIOUS is Rita Hayworth to get her mind off her marital troubles, she called up Fred Astaire and asked if they couldn't hurry up the rehearsals for their next Columbia picture. According to reports, Rita has found it necessary to seek restraining orders prohibiting her husband, Edward C. Judson, from disposing of community property and from talking, communicating with her or molesting her, pending trial of her divorce suit. Overnight Rita has changed from a happy, laughing girl into a brooding, miserable woman.

TWINKLE, twinkle little star, said Warner Bros. to Alexis Smith. And that's exactly what they made her—a star in one year's time. Because she has studied hard, cooperated with everyone and possesses unusual charm and poise for a twenty-year-old girl, stardom is her reward. Craig Stevens, the heart throb and doesn't care who knows it, commemorated the occasion. He gave Alexis a solid gold star to attach to her bangle bracelet. In the center of the star was engraved a small heart. Catch on?

DENNIS MORGAN has his own kidding name for Errol Flynn. Dennis calls him, "The Male Animal."



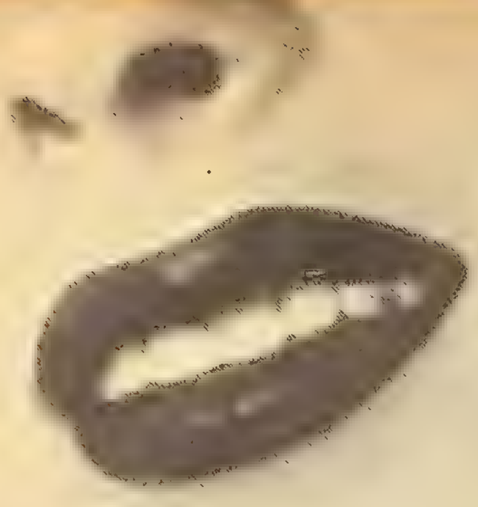
"The Pride of the Yankees," Sam Goldwyn's big new movie based on the life of Lou Gehrig, has Gary Cooper in title rôle—see him with Teresa Wright, playing the bride of the loved Yankee; and below, with his father, Judge Charles B. Cooper, who visits the set daily when scenes are filmed with Babe Ruth, Bill Dickey, Bob Meusel and Mark Koenig of famed Yankees' "Murderers' Row."



RED SKELTON had to cry in a scene and Red couldn't cry. They played sad music. They sprayed menthol in his eyes. They told him sad stories. Red still couldn't cry. Finally, the director asked Red how he'd feel if they took away his radio program. The tears started to come. They gushed and they gurgled. Red all but moaned and wailed. When the scene was over he was still blubbering. Now the director is just praying there won't be any retakes.

UNIVERSAL really have hit on a unique idea for presenting their new version of "Broadway." This time it's actually the story of George Raft's life. The picture opens showing George talking to the night watchman of a vacated night club. This is the night club where George actually got his start. The story unfolds on the screen as George tells it to the night watchman. Mack Grey, George's pal and best friend, plays himself. It's Universal's picture of the year, so watch for it.

BRENDA MARSHALL is a mighty proud girl. No less a personage than Sam Goldwyn himself is raving over her performance in "Captains of the Clouds." The mighty producer has even gone so far as to say he wishes he had Brenda under personal contract. He feels she has one of the biggest futures in pictures, if handled properly. News like this in the face of hubby Bill Holden's leaving for the Army any day now, is cheering to Brenda, to say the least.



They can't stop talking about the NEW

Revlon Lipstick

COLORS

"1942" and "1952"

Women rush to tell their friends about how marvelously Revlon Lipstick stays on . . . like their beloved Revlon Nail Enamel. They tell about how Revlon gives lips and fingertips that "made-for-each-other" look. And now half the girls in 48 states are talking about Revlon's new nail enamel and lipstick shades. First "1942", gallant, vibrant red. Then "1952", a completely different lilac rose to remind you of a perfect spring to come. Try "1942" or "1952" lipstick. Or any of the sixteen fashion-making lipstick shades. Wonderful!

only 60¢ also $1 size

Revlon

world's most famous nail enamel

COPR. 1942 BY REVLON PROD. CORP

THE near loss of a finger suffered by Henry Fonda can be directly traced to the evacuation of the Japs from the Pacific coast. Losing his Japanese gardener, Hank decided from now on to do his gardening himself. Being rushed for time, he caught his finger in a tractor and almost tore it off. For his next two pictures, he'll have to keep that one particular hand away from the camera.

HOLLYWOOD took brief time off from war activities to attend the premiére of "Reap the Wild Wind" at the new Paramount Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. Because of duration orders, all spotlights were turned on buildings, never into the sky. It was like old times to hear the fans cheer and see the stars in their gala getups. Judy Canova, arriving in an all-white carriage drawn by white horses, stole the show. Biggest hand was shared by Ray Milland and Bob Hope. Jinx Falkenburg was dressed like a fugitive from King Tut's tomb. Mary Martin's hair was parted in a V—for victory. Next to Paulette Goddard's diamond necklace, Bob Stack's teeth were the flashiest. The Paramount features love seats with removable arms—in the balcony! They're looking forward to Greater Movie Seasons.

DR. JOEL PRESSMAN, Claudette Colbert's husband, can never quite get used to the ways of publicity. Now serving in the Navy, the good doctor happened to listen in on a news-broadcast. Imagine his upset to learn that his famous wife had been seriously hurt in a skiing accident in Sun Valley. When he finally got Claudette on the phone—he learned she was recovering from a sprained ankle!

Ann Rutherford recently concluded a guest-star tour of Army camps and Naval stations with the USO-Camp Shows musical comedy revue, "Razzle Dazzle." Top, during Ann's stay at Camp Lee, Virginia, she helped cheer up hospitalized soldiers; and, above, gave Pfc. "Joe" Joseph a hand in making up his bunk. Turn page for more pictures of Miss Rutherford.

# )RALE

## *er than the sword!*

of America
ıe guns and
ın the fight

power must
earth clean
live in peace

That is our resolve—and from it no power hall turn us.

To carry it through, our minds must be as ɛeen as our swords, our hearts as strong as our anks, our spirits as buoyant as our planes. For morale is a mighty force—as vital as the materials of war themselves.

And just as it is the job of some industries to provide the implements that will keep 'em flying, keep 'em rolling, and keep 'em shooting, so is it the job of the American Motion Picture Industry to *keep 'em smiling.*

Yes, that is our war-time job. We cannot build combat planes or bombers . . . we cannot make tanks or guns or ships. But we *can* build morale . . . we can give America the hours of carefree relaxation which will make its work hours doubly productive, the mental stimulus that will carry us on and on with heads up through dark days and bright, through good news and bad . . . to victory.

We can—*and we will!*

**THE AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY**

SCREENLAND publishes this message in the belief that the vital war-time role of the Motion Picture Industry is of public interest. It was prepared by Donahue & Coe, Inc., advertising counsel to many of America's leading motion picture producers.

# "For a Morning Glory Skin... try my Beauty Nightcap"

PAULETTE GODDARD, NOW STARRING IN "REAP THE WILD WIND," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

## says Paulette Goddard:

"Tomorrow, you have to face close-ups, too. So try my pet beauty treatment--a Beauty Nightcap with Woodbury Cold Cream. Special oils in Woodbury help relieve dryness--which may lead to dread lines. Try it--for beauty's sake!"

Every night, Paulette cleanses with Woodbury, then spreads on a fresh film for all night. She can trust her complexion to Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify the cream right in the jar.

Says Paulette, "Let morning find you lovelier".

# WOODBURY COLD CREAM

*Beauty Nightcap of the Stars*

**Follow Paulette Goddard's advice.** Today get Woodbury Cold Cream. Large jars 50¢ to $1.25. Introductory sizes 10¢ and 25¢.

**For special skins—special creams.** If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for a powder base.


wood home, to be n
tenant Barthelmess, in Nor
Gene Raymond joining the Air Cor
Friday the thirteenth. Jeanette MacD
singing her way from Army camp to
camp. Hollywood turning out to
C. B. DeMille's thirtieth anniversa
the film colony. Michele Morgan losir
twenty-second birthday in Hollywoo
falls on February twenty-ninth, occu
again next Leap Year in nineteen forty
Edmund O'Brien burning up the
distance telephone wires; Carol
singing for her supper club in Ch
is the cause of it all. Glenn Ford prese
Joan Crawford with a birthday cake
of fresh gardenias. No, she didn't t
cut it. Famous designer John Hamb
favorite week-end guest of K. T. St
and the Sam Woods. Tyrone Power m
Joan Fontaine blush, telling her his
yarn.

THEY'VE made an amazing discover
at M-G-M. When they run off a
track of the late Jean Harlow's voice
that of Pat Dane's—no one can tel
difference. If Pat can make the fr
that Jean had and be as simple, char
and warm-hearted, then she'll reall
something.

THAT Hollywood radio gossip isn't
ing much cooperation from the stu
So he has to make up news to keep
with his sponsor. Latest whopper is
one about the Ray Millands adoptin
little brother for their own Daniel D
They *do* want Danny to have a bro
But never in their wildest dreams have
planned on adoption. Little Danny is
perfect a pattern, not to try and fo

E-POINT Landis, they call her. now changed her name legally from s Lillian Ridste Hunt to Carole She's now an honorary Colonel at ood Post Number Forty Three. And ow wearing a new extremely low wn that caused Dorothy Parker to , "Who's the girl in the turtle-neck "

RGE BRENT'S papers are in Wash- ton. Just what the nature of his nent will be, hasn't been officially ced. For the past two years George died navigation. Annie Sheridan is that her new husband may be sta- some place where she can at least over week-ends.

of de luxe Hollywood turned out for lda Hopper's party honoring Wendell . Wearing one of those new checked n hostess gowns (designed by ). Hedda really did herself proud. oan Crawford, who seldom goes to showed up for this one. Joan had od reasons. First, to meet Mr. . Second, to meet Bob Hope. Joan eat fan of Bob's. When she heard going to be there *too*, she was the e to arrive.

E gesture on the part of Director hn Huston. When Manuel Del now with the RCAF, was given gs, they gave him leave to visit fe, Mary Astor, in Hollywood. It happen that Mary had heavy dra- cenes to do every single day during sband's brief visit. Director Huston up half the night rearranging his g schedule, so that Mary could have le of days off. John must inherit iceness from his actor-pappy, Wal- ston.

a long time Mickey Rooney wore onyx ring. His monogram in large etters was the setting. Someone the ring was conspicuous by its . Mickey was asked about it. "When married, I had to throw it in the was Mickey's simple explanation.

utherford, shown riding in a jeep, was n honorary top sergeant at Camp Lee.

HOW TO "Make-Up" your hair to give it new Sparkle and Color

**Marvelous new Rinse goes on—and washes off—as easily as your facial make-up! Makes any shade of hair look lovelier...*livelier!***

MAKE-UP for your hair! . . . It's the new must-rule of beauty — as essential to good grooming as making up your face. And just as easy, with Marchand's exciting new 3-minute "Make-Up" Hair Rinse!

This delicately tinted rinse does for your hair what powder and lipstick do for your face. It heightens and enlivens its color-tone — bans that "pale" and lifeless look — makes each hair glow with a young, new light!

***So simple to use!...So safe!***

Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse is *not* a bleach — *not* a permanent dye! Made with Government-approved colors, it's as harmless as lemon or vinegar. And it leaves your hair soft, silky and more manageable.

You don't have to be an "expert" to "make-up" your hair with Marchand's Rinse. You simply dissolve the rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair! Then . . . look in your mirror! Your hair is gloriously alive — *color-bright* again!

***A tint for every shade of hair!***

You'll never know how really beautiful your hair can be, until you make it up with Marchand's Rinse. Whether you're a blonde, brunette, redhead, grayhead or in-between, there's a Marchand's tint to glamorize your own individual hair coloring. Why not try it *today?*

**Marchand's "Make-Up" RINSE**

**6 RINSES 25¢ • 2 RINSES 10¢**
***at all drug counters***

BLONDES—DON'T LET TIME DARKEN YOUR HAIR!

Blondes who want to brighten and lighten their hair...brunettes who like contrasting highlights . . . find that Marchand's Golden Hair Wash gives splendid results. Quick and easy to use. At all drug counters.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Copyright, 1942, by Chas. Marchand Co.

## TO BE LOVED, BE LOVELY

The light, elusive scent of Evening in Paris sets the stage for tenderness and romance. More women turn to it than to any other perfume...for, inevitably, Evening in Paris turns a man's thoughts to you!

Evening in Paris Perfume, $1.25 to $10.00. Face Powder, $1.00 plus tax.

Evening in Paris

the fragrance of romance
BOURJOIS, NEW YORK


# Big Sister Barbara

Continued from page 33

only take part in the proceedings when he was called upon to do so. Barbara wondered about this, and made inquiries around the set as to the cause of this sudden change. From then on, whenever possible, she sat near him. She never spoke of his loss, but, as he himself told me, her silent understanding gave him strength to carry on.

In direct contrast to this side of Barbara is her great love of teasing people. She rarely misses an opportunity to do this. The last I heard, Slim Talbot, Gary Cooper's lean, shy stand-in was her willing victim. She'd call, "Ss—ll—iiim!" in a good imitation of Zazu Pitts. When he came in answer to her call, she would throw her arms around his neck, or fall in his lap, much to his embarrassment. Personally, I'm sure he loved it. Then, at lunchtime, instead of having her car pick her up, as many stars do, Barbara would call, "Ss—ll—iim!" Slim would get out his "bike," Barbara would hop on the handlebars, and off they'd go.

But Barbara isn't always clowning with her fellow players. Many times, her sincere advice has steadied a young player's career. When she first met Bill Holden, he was new to pictures, was being given a big opportunity, and was slightly bewildered by it all. Many a morning, he arrived at the studio feeling far from the fortunate young man the public might imagine him to be. Barbara, having been in show business all her life, was able to teach him a valuable lesson she had learned.

"You pay a price for everything in this world," she said. "The price you pay for being a star is that you must learn to leave all your personal troubles behind you when you walk on to a set. Invariably the star's mood is reflected on the entire company. He or she, as the case may be, sets the pace."

This was no idle advice on Barbara's part. She herself is a shining example of any advice she might give.

She is always terribly excited before she starts any picture. I imagine that any director who is going to have Barbara in a picture is a bit excited too. For she is a director's dream of what an actress should be, as a star and as a person. She is always made up and ready for work at least a half hour before call. Her lines are always word perfect, and she has a thoroughly realistic approach to acting. For

Sergeant Chester S. Cziak knows he's a lucky "leatherneck" and smilingly shows his pleasure at being entertained by lovely Anne Shirley, who is appearing in "The Mayor of 44th Street."

stance, in a recent picture she was sup-sed to run up fourteen flights of stairs. ou see her start at the first flight and erge at the top. Naturally, when she ached the top of the stairs, she would out of breath. Ninety-nine out of a ndred actresses would have faked being t of breath. Not Barbara Stanwyck. She arted running up and down those stairs til she was *really* winded. Then the mera was called. The one complaint yone has against Barbara is that she always looking out for everybody but rself. Even in her acting she does it e hard way.

While she was making "Meet John Doe" ere was a violent mob scene, in which arbara had to be in the middle of a ge crowd of people. Capra, the director, ld everybody to get right in there and itch. When it was all over, Barbara was retty well trampled upon and had a bad ash on her leg. It started to bother her the studio doctor rushed to her side. ut being Barbara, she told him to take re of two extra girls first, as they had en really badly hurt.

It has been my rare privilege during is past year to have Irene Loyd as a iend. She is a wonderful girl who has en confined to her bed for six years. uring these long years, Barbara's con-ant kind benevolence has helped her keep ith. They first met when Irene was mployed in the make-up department at arner Brothers and Barbara was work-g on that lot. It was at a time when arbara herself was not particularly appy. But when Irene was taken ill, arbara was oblivious of her own troubles. he stood by to do everything she could help the stricken girl. Irene has been oved about the country a bit in an effort be cured. But wherever she is, she is t forgotten by Barbara. The many gifts arbara sends her do a great deal toward ightening Irene's life.

The understanding Barbara is able to ive her son Dion is typified by a little ory she told me about some other chil-ren. She had gone down to an amuse-ent park to spend the evening. Some ildren, recognizing her, gathered around. hey had seen her in the picture, "Annie akley," in which she had done some re-arkable shooting. They were all for her oing over to the shooting gallery to give em an exhibition.

"I was heart-sick," she sighed. "In the icture, a double did the shooting for me. myself, couldn't hit a mountain if it ere thrown into the air. I didn't want disillusion the children. So I told them couldn't shoot that night—I had hurt y wrist. To make up for this, I took em on a tour of the amusement park, nd showed them a good time. I just ouldn't let the kids down."

It is a well-known fact that usually it a difficult thing to have two careers one family. But not so with Barbara tanwyck and Bob Taylor. Her attitude ward his career is that of any adoring ife's. She is proud and happy when his ictures draw rave notices. Not only be-ause good notices help his career, but ecause he works so hard to deserve them. he also takes a keen interest in his activi-ies outside his career. Right now he is eriously studying aviation. He spends a great deal of time with his head buried n technical books. Barbara is positive he will make an excellent flier. But she feels he same about it as any other young wife; deep down inside the thought of Bob's lying scares her a little.

Is it any wonder that many of Barbara's riends regard her as their patron saint? , myself, am not quite sure what qualities re essential in a saint, but I am sure hat whatever they are, Big Sister Barbara could qualify.


# *"Who said domestic bliss?"*

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES

**1. "Ideally mated,"** people said . . . I thought so, too. But Jack's ardor gradually changed to . . . well, a stand-offish coolness. It wasn't long before we were heading for a smash-up.

**2. One day,** I walked home from First Aid class with our teacher, a nurse I barely knew. And —out came the whole thing! (You'll tell a stranger, more than a friend.) "My dear," she consoled, "when romance goes out of marriage, it's often because a woman is careless . . . or doesn't know . . . about feminine hygiene.

**3. "It's one neglect,"** she explained, "most men can't forgive. And there's no excuse for it. Modern women use a safe yet amazingly powerful germicide for feminine hygiene . . . Lysol. Just follow directions—it won't harm tissues, but it cleanses, deodorizes, kills all vaginal germ-life on instant contact. I know what I'm saying."

**4. She was right.** For now we're happy as love birds again. I've learned how gentle Lysol is—how easy and economical to use—and how effective. That nurse saved my marriage when she told me about Lysol!

**Why you can depend on Lysol**

GENTLE YET POWERFUL—Used as directed, Lysol is gentle to delicate tissues (not an acid—no free alkali), *yet there is no germ-life in the vaginal tract that Lysol will not kill on instant contact.* SPREADING—No other widely advertised douche preparation has the wide spreading power Lysol has—Lysol solution virtually searches out germ-life in tiny folds other liquids may never reach. ECONOMICAL—Small bottle makes almost 4-gallons solution. CLEANLY ODOR—Soon disappears. HOLDS STRENGTH to last drop—play safe with Lysol.

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Copr., 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

**For new FREE booklet** (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet S.-642. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

# Don't cover up a POOR COMPLEXION!

DON'T think there's "nothing you can do" about externally-caused pimples, ugly chapped lips, rough, dry skin! Instead, try NOXZEMA, the famous *medicated* cream that was first acclaimed by scores of nurses as a grand complexion aid!

Noxzema does so much for poor complexion because it's *not just a cosmetic cream.* It contains *medicated* ingredients—not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin—but also helps *heal externally-caused pimples and blemishes!* And in addition, it has a mildly astringent action!

***Try it Today!***

Get a jar of *medicated* Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter today! Use it both as a night cream and as a protective powder base. See if it doesn't help make *your* skin softer, clearer, lovelier! Inexpensive trial jar. Also 35¢, 50¢ and $1.00 (*plus tax*).

## The Unpredictable Orson Welles

Continued from page 29

time, I was terribly keyed up and nervous. The cameras were about to start grinding when Orson called me off the set. He took a pack of cards from his pocket, fanned them and said, "Dolores, take a card." Then he proceeded to do a very clever card trick. When it was completed he said, "Now you can shoot the scene!" And walked away.

We rehearsed "The Magnificent Ambersons" just as you would rehearse a stage play. Every morning the company would gather in Orson's bungalow on the lot. We sat around reading the script with Orson seated behind his desk just listening. Over his head hung a framed motto which read, "You must worry and fret every day if you want to get to the top, so you can worry and fret nights and Sundays."

When lunch time came, it wasn't unusual for Welles to go into the kitchen and cook hamburgers for the entire company. Next to his work and doing magic, I think Orson likes to cook and eat better than anything else in the world.

During these rehearsals, I learned many interesting little things about Welles. A rest period found the members of the company talking about the various schools they attended. Welles asked me where I'd gone to school. I said, "Warner Brothers." He countered, "You and I are in the same class. I didn't go to school very much either."

But in spite of the lack of formal education, Orson has one of the most alert minds of anyone I've ever known. Once when we were discussing my costumes, the word "insurance" drifted to us from the conversation of two actors standing nearby. Welles pricked up his ears and immediately barged into their conversation. He learned that an insurance company wanted one of the men to take off five pounds before they issued him a policy.

"Of course, they do," Orson said. "No fat man is a good risk. Did you ever see a fat old man?" We all had to admit that we'd seen very few of them. The reason, Welles kindly informed us, was because as you grow older it puts a strain on your heart to carry around too much weight.

Speaking of weight, it was over my putting on five pounds that Orson and I had our one and only argument. Sitting around on the set (Orson insists the entire company be present every day whether actually working or not) I had gained the offensive poundage. Orson was upset over it and told me, in no uncertain terms, to take it off. From then on, there was a coolness between us until one day he came over to show me his latest card trick, which was his way of apologizing. He was like a little boy who says, "Come on, I'll let you play with my toys."

There was another time when this child-like quality appeared in Orson. It was during the shooting of a big scene with one of his old Mercury players. The actor had to walk through five communicating rooms. Welles rehearsed the action over and over again. Finally, the elderly actor, feeling tired, asked Welles to let his stand-in do the rehearsing, as he was letter-perfect in the scene. Welles refused, telling the actor to repeat the scene again. This led to a heated argument, at the end of which the actor said, with great dignity: "I'll be in my dressing room when you need me, Mr. Welles."

Orson looked at him wistfully and replied, "My best friends call me Orson, even when they're mad at me."

Now I ask you! How could anyone resist this grown man in whom the little boy quality still lingers?

Another of Welles' outstanding traits is his unfailing willingness to give the underdog a break. Any agent who has a good actor on his list whom he is having difficulty in placing, can always depend on Welles to find him a part if it is humanly possible.

Orson is credited with being a great actor, director, and producer, but along with these things I personally think that he is a great psychiatrist. His handling of people is superb. His instinctive understanding of human beings is amazing. I believe an excellent example of this was when we were shooting a funeral scene. A group of extras had to walk past the coffin and take a farewell look at the face of the corpse. Welles noticed that one woman never looked into the casket. He repeated

**Andy Devine, husky screen comedian, has two good reasons (shown with him) for being proud on Fathers' Day, June 21. The older boy is Timothy Andrew, and Dennis Patrick is the baby's name.**

# Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

of Calumet baking powder. Beat well, put back in shells, sprinkle with cheese and dot with parsley, heat in oven at 400 degrees, and serve hot. The baking powder makes them fluff way up.

BAKED EGGPLANT

1 eggplant
2 cups milk or cream
½ cup grated Kraft cheese
½ cup cracker crumbs
½ onion
1 teaspoon butter
1 egg

Peel and cut up eggplant and onion, season, cook and drain. Beat egg well, mash eggplant and onion and whip egg into them with milk and cheese. Roll out cracker crumbs and mix for two minutes with butter.

Grease a baking dish, put in mixture, cover with cracker crumbs and cheese and bake for ten minutes in a hot oven. If you put ½ teaspoon of baking powder in this, it will be very light.

The shower for Mickey and Ava Rooney will be an innovation, since both men and girls are invited. Ann thinks it such a pity for men to miss the fun of showers!

"I'll fix the dining room like a New York Italian restaurant, with red checked tablecloth and napkins, wine bottles with different colored candles all dripped over them to provide all the light we'll use that night. I'm serving spaghetti and meat balls, tossed green salad, French sour dough bread, toasted in chunks, California red wine, and fried ice-cream."

Yes, the heroine of "This Time for Keeps" said fried ice-cream and meant it! You get very hard ice-cream, preferably sliced, put between two slices of pound cake, dip the sandwich in egg batter, put at top heat in sandwich toaster and toast cake until cream is slightly melted, then serve at once with very hot chocolate sauce. You get that hot-and-cold taste.

Ann has a very special cook who makes her spaghetti. "Artichokes are good with this meal," Ann suggested. "Mother drops a little olive oil and garlic into the heart before putting it in water, and when she serves it, she mixes a little of French's prepared mustard in the mayonnaise. Very tasty!"

For Ava's and Mickey's shower, Ann expects to hide the gifts around the house in small piles with an alarm clock beside one pile set for shower time. When the alarm rings, Mickey and Ava will search for the clock and bring in the gift pile, while Ann resets the clock close to the next pile. Each time the clock goes off, the couple will seek, and the one who finds will open the gifts.

"A gift any bride will thank you for is a remembrance book. You get a small address book and write in the birth dates of every member of *his* and *her* families, also wedding dates and other festivities either branch likes to celebrate. This may take some telephoning or correspondence, but it's worth it."

The third shower is a luncheon for girls only, as illustrated. Ann made the place cards herself—they are tiny bouquets of crepe paper flowers pasted on cards.

"There's nothing specially unusual about the food, except that the first course will be avocado cocktail with bacon. You cut up avocado, with sauce of mayonnaise and going to catsup, then add bacon fried to a I'm sure crisp and broken into tiny pieces. This Welles is a zesty flavor that's delicious."

*High-speed camera catches the motion and grace of Arthur Murray dancers in a Conga turn—all on one film.*

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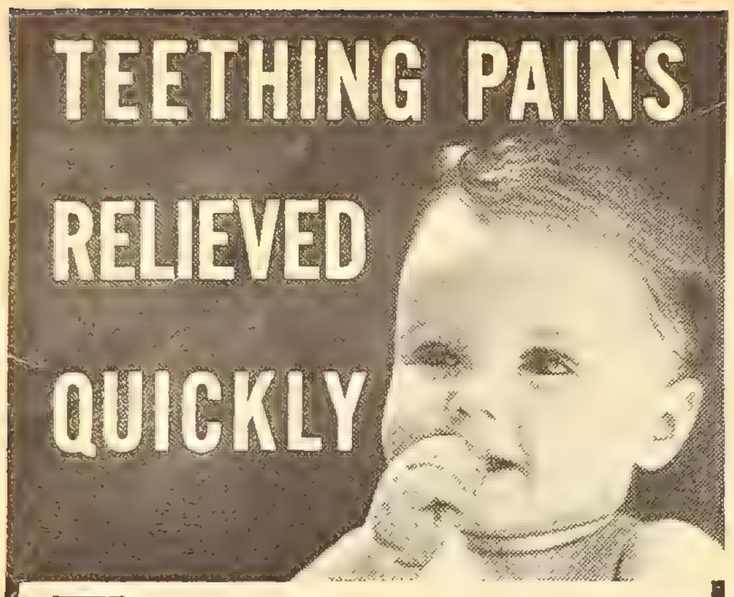


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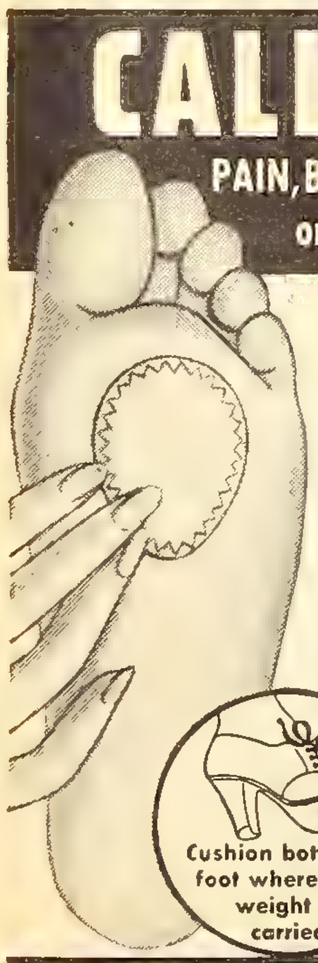

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads


Because of sugar rationing, Ann uses honey recipes as often as possible, and offers a choice of these. Honey apples are favored at her house. Instead of sugar, fill a cored apple with raisins, dates and honey and bake.

### ALL HONEY COOKIES

1 cup honey
2 teaspoons soda
3¾ cups flour (approx.)
1 cup butter
½ teaspoon each Burnett's cinnamon, clove and allspice

Boil honey and butter together about one minute. Cool. Sift flour, spices and soda together. Add flour to make a soft dough. Roll thin, cut and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 12 to 15 minutes. (Because these cookies are thin, they burn easily.)

### HONEY VANILLA ICE-CREAM

1/3 cup honey
½ teaspoon Burnett's vanilla
3 cups thin cream
Salt

Heat cream, honey and salt to scalding over hot water. Remove and cool, add vanilla and freeze.

### HONEY FRESH ORANGEADE

For each serving allow:
2 tablespoons honey
2 tablespoons lemon juice
6 tablespoons orange juice

Mix fruit juices and honey thoroughly. Add 1 cup spring or charged water. Fill iced-tea glasses with cracked ice, pour over mixture and let stand 3 minutes before serving.

Ann is the lively type, dark, slim, active, bubbling over. She and her mother and grandmother have had great fun furnishing and decorating their home in Brentwood, but Ann has the more original ideas. "Let's gay it up!" is her favorite expression. The house is a two-story California colonial set in a garden that provides badminton, croquet, ping-pong, barbecues and sun-bathing for relaxation.

"A friend gave me three Staffordshire pieces that had been in his family for a hundred and twenty-five years," confided my hostess. "At the same time, the artist Cristo Christy sent Mother a huge portrait of me in a pink dress from 'Pride and Prejudice' and she insisted on hanging it in the living room, while I set my pieces on the mirrored mantel. The soft pinks and blues in my pieces and the pink in hers were the colors for our room.

"I wanted love seats and drapes in flowered chintz, but Mother likes things that will wear for several centuries, so she selected flowered faille, which turned out to be quite lovely. I picked out the soft blue couch, and together we found the colonial tables, commodes and piano."

Red plaid with an edging of delft blue as color scheme for the den was one of Ann's inspirations. From above the fireplace, Man O' War's portrait dominates this room, framed in the plaid. A ruffle that snaps on and off edges the mantel on which stands Ann's miniature horse collection; similar tiny ruffles edge the shelves. The big window has drapes and the couch is upholstered in the same fabric. It may not sound effective, but it is.

The paper in the powder room was an odd silver and burgundy that fairly hit you in the face, according to Ann who wanted to tear it off. Her mother mentioned that they were already over the budget, so Ann had to cope with that paper. She did it with burgundy net curtains crossed at the window, the same net flouncing the dressing-table and stool, the mirrored top of the table reflecting the silver in the walls in a most attractive fashion.

The tapestry wall-paper in the dining room was exactly what they wanted for their furniture, but the breakfast room was a dull spot when the Rutherfords moved in. "Let's gay it up!" cried Ann. She painted the inside of the two corner cupboards a vivid red, put soft blue paper with a tiny pattern in red and blue on the walls, and bought a glass-topped metal table and chairs. The table can be rolled out through glass doors to the patio when outdoor lunching invites, and come to no harm in any weather.

The bedrooms are daintily colonial, with four-poster beds, delicate white net canopies and flounces, or spool beds with slender twisted posts, and pastel silken puffs. Ann's own room has an alcoved window.

Ann Rutherford's bedroom, right, is as dainty and ultra-feminine as the starlet herself. That's a real dog at her feet, not a toy—he's "Henry," her French poodle.

"It seemed to me I could get the effect of greater length to the room by treating that alcove," she explained, "so I had the room papered in a flower paper and did the alcove in pale blue; then I draped my organdy curtains in front of the alcove instead of at my window."

Altogether it's a woman's house. The "only male inmate" (Ann's description) is Henry, miniature French poodle. Henry has his own raincoat, a sailor suit with a V-for-victory on it, and a tiny red ribbon to hold his hair out of his bright eyes.

"The other day, Mother and I took him for a walk," bubbled Ann. "As usual, everyone we passed was interested in Henry. One man said 'Little girl, eh?' and we said: 'Oh, no, his name's Henry.' The man shook his head and looked down at the dog. 'Son, *what* are they doing to you?'"

## Have You Love Insurance?

Continued from page 23

swallowed his coffee and jumped into the haystack with Joan Fontaine. They were taking the scene that morning where Ty, as *Clive Briggs,* a deserter from the British army, makes love to Joan, as *Prude Cathaway,* an English girl in the W.A.A.F. It was the first love scene of the picture, very tender and beautiful really, but the tenderness and beauty were thrown for a complete loss for the first few "takes" by a series of revolting sneezes. Both Miss Fontaine and Mr. Power, it appears, are allergic to hay.

After that they poured three hundred gallons of water per minute (a Hollywood rainstorm) on poor Ty, and I must say that opened up his drooping eyes but good. Thoroughly drenched at the end of that scene he ducked into his trailer dressing room on the set where he changed into dry clothes. It was there I found him a half hour later. He was in the midst of a letter to Annabella who is in Chicago starring in Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit." (I hear that the first thing Ty does when he arrives at the studio in the mornings is to start a letter to Annabella, and he writes on it between scenes all through the day. Well, that's *amour* for you.) I let my eyes wander languidly to his desk, there's nothing like a pair of wandering eyes in my business, but Ty knows all the tricks of the trade and casually, but effectively, covered his letter with his arm. I'm sure it smeared. Served him right for being so suspicious.

"I was just writing Annabella about Ma's picture," said Ty with a wicked grin —personally I think he was writing her something else entirely. "We were doing a scene yesterday afternoon where I go to *Prue's* house in London for the first time and she shows me a picture of her dead mother. I took one look at the picture and did a double-take. '*Your* mother!' I said— Litvak thought I had gone completely nuts —'hey, that's *my* mother!' Believe me, it gave me quite a jolt. But I figured it out later. When I was making 'Johnny Apollo' the studio wanted a picture for a closeup of a woman who resembled me enough to be my mother, so I told them to go ahead and borrow one of mother's pictures. The picture was evidently stored away in the property department when the sequence was finished—where it stayed until someone dragged it out for 'This Above All.' Mrs. Power certainly gets around. First she's my Ma, then she's Joan Fontaine's Ma. Next week, Don Ameche's."

It isn't difficult to get Ty to talk about Annabella. He's not one of those sourpuss


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actors who thinks it vulgar, or something, to mention his wife from nine to six. Ty is so much in love with Annabella, and he's so terribly proud of her, that you'd have to bash his head in to keep him from talking about her. When the publicity department informed him just the other day that one of the newspapers wanted to take pictures of his home for a Sunday feature, Ty said, "Without Annabella? They wouldn't be any good. Can't the paper wait until Annabella comes home?" You'll never find Mrs. Tyrone Power fluttering mouse-like in the background. Ty doesn't want it that way. And he has a way of telling studios what he wants. A pretty swell guy, that Ty.

The young Powers celebrated their third wedding anniversary this past April! (Will those gloomy goons who said their marriage wouldn't last a year kindly go out in the backyard and kick themselves?) Their first anniversary they celebrated in New York, their second in Grand Canyon, and this one of course in Chicago, with all the wonderful and exciting trimmings. Take the word of their Hollywood friends that they are just as romantically in love today as they were that April afternoon in 1939 when they stood side by side in Annabella's flower be-decked Bel-Air living room, looked into each other's eyes, and said, with a feeling close to reverence, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part."

Love has a way of settling down, like a soufflé that has been too long out of the oven. The Ty Powers do not like soufflés that have flattened out. Love has a way of getting into routines. The Ty Powers do not like routines. As a matter of fact Ty hates routines, with a grim and gruesome hate. "The only thing I like in a routine way," Ty said to me in his trailer dressing room, while he was waiting for Joan Fontaine to finish her closeups, "the only thing about which I want no change—is my friends."

Said Ty, "The best way for a married couple to keep romance fresh and alive, year in and year out, is to break the routine—though, mind you now, don't think I'm trying to put myself up as an authority on romance and marriage. Maybe I'm prejudiced. Maybe I just don't like routines. Why, Annabella and I resent routines so much that we celebrate our wedding anniversaries in a different place each year."

But Ty is right, don't you think? Nothing kills off romance quite so quickly as the dull monotony of everyday procedure, order, and habit. And, on the contrary, nothing is so conducive to a tingling pulse and a thrilling glow around the heart as the unexpected surprise. Habit is relaxing, you may argue if you're the type, but it is also boring. A famous neurologist, who boasted that he had prevented the breaking up of innumerable marriages, uttered words of wisdom when he said, "People do not understand that habitude may become the worst of corrosives."

Well, from the looks of things, you can safely bet your last dollar (the one you had left over from your income tax) that Ty and Annabella's marriage isn't suffering from any corrosion. Not even around the edges. Habits, at the Powers, seem always to be getting a sock on the jaw. Last summer when Ty had a long vacation from picture-making he and Annabella, as excited as two children, packed their bags, closed up their Brentwood house, and joined the straw-hat circuit in New England. The advice-givers of Hollywood gathered around like a Greek Chorus and muttered gloomily, "It's suicide for you to return to the stage. You are one of the biggest box-office stars in Hollywood. The critics will tear you limb from limb. It will be humiliating. Degrading. No Hollywood star has ever returned to the stage when he's on top. You'll regret it. Woe, woe, woe!"

Ty and Annabella couldn't have had more fun. Summer stock along the straw-hat circuit is no bed of roses, as you doubtless know, and their hard-earned salary wouldn't even pay postage on Ty's fan mail. They wore old slacks and sweaters, they helped build scenery, they talked "theater" with the other actors far into the night, they studied hard—and they loved every minute of it. Furthermore, their performances in "Liliom" rated raves from most of the critics. Well, of course, they could have spent the summer in Hollywood and gone to night clubs and given dinners for the same old tired faces, and yawned themselves to death.

Annabella firmly believes that her handsome husband has the right idea about keeping romance alive and fresh by breaking routine. A perfect example of that is her recent decision to leave her home and appear with the Chicago company of Noel Coward's very successful "Blithe Spirit." Of course, when Annabella casually announced her decision the Greek Chorus gathered around with faces even longer than ever and crooned a dirge which said, "Annabella is a fool to leave her beautiful, comfortable home and live in a grimy Chi-

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cago hotel where she'll freeze in the winter and roast in the summer. Annabella is crazy to sweat and toil when she doesn't have to lift a finger. Annabella is completely mad to leave Tyrone alone in Hollywood with all those predatory females. Woe, and more woe!"

But phooey, say I, to these dreary advice-givers. This separation is a wonderful thing for two young people, like Ty and Annabella, who are so keen to keep their romance alive. It's really a second courtship. Ty, the lover again, writes Annabella long letters every day, he anticipates those long distance calls at night, he thinks up surprises for her, he spends long, but pleasant, hours selecting presents to send her, and whenever he has four or five days off from the studio he dashes madly to the airport and takes the fastest plane to Chicago. Then there's the breathless excitement of two people who love each other seeing each other after an absence. This second courtship is almost as thrilling as the first—the time he pursued her to South America and did such a fine bit of wooing that she promised to become Mrs. Tyrone Power. A marriage such as this hasn't a chance in a million of becoming stale.

Far from being crazy, as the calamity-hipped Cassandras of our village would have you believe, Annabella is a very smart young woman. She knows that this separation, this excursion into the drama, will be a chance to build her own personality. There is a belief that by the sacrifice of two individualities a joint personality can be accomplished. It's little wonder that so many Hollywood marriages fail to survive the compression. And why should a woman, simply because she becomes a wife, sacrifice her individuality? When a man marries it's because he loves a woman as she is, so why should she right off sacrifice her personality, thereby killing the thing about herself that intrigued him in the first place? Keep your personality, and keep your husband intrigued.

But long before they started running off to straw-hat circuits and Chicago, Ty and Annabella refused to stick to routines—and had a lot of fun. Like the time two years ago when they decided to take an automobile trip through Arizona and New Mexico. "Just a short trip. No, we don't need much luggage. We'll be back in a week or ten days." Well, they were gone for weeks, they went to Oregon instead of Arizona, no one knew where they were, and they had a perfectly glorious time. When they reached a town and they were tired they stayed all night, and if they liked the town they stayed several days. Sometimes they went to hotels and sometimes they went to auto courts. They didn't try to make so many miles an hour.

This refusal to stick to routines naturally is rather hard on their servants, who have to be very understanding, very understanding indeed. Ty will come home from the studio, and with dinner practically on the table, he will suggest that they get all dressed up and join the Gary Coopers at Ciro's. On the other hand if a dressy party is planned ahead at one of the night clubs it's a nine-to-one bet that Ty will say, "Let's skip it. Let's eat in." And Annabella likes to tell about the night that they were done up like movie stars, white tie, ermine, jewels, everything, on their way to a great big snooty dinner party. The car stopped for a traffic signal and Ty just happened to see a swell display of salami, goose liver, and pickled pigsfeet in a delicatessen window. Well, you know what happened. The Powers ate huge rye bread sandwiches with dabs of cole slaw in their own dining room.

Lloyds of London wouldn't handle it, but believe me, I don't think you can get better love insurance than the Powers' Method of keeping romance alive.

## So-o-o-o-o, Women Talk Too Much? No! Says Gracie Allen

Continued from page 51

the name of the building she's in. My sister, who's the greatest talker in the family, is giving all her time as a stenographer in the F. B. I. But the only thing she has told me is that she can write 160 words a minute. Still another tells me that she works from 9 at night till 3 in the morning, then goes home alone—that's all. I asked one woman, just to try her out, 'What is it your husband does?' She said, 'I really don't know,' but of course she did. These women, and many more, have my greatest respect for both the work they are doing for their country and their ability to keep still about it. For my small part, I've been going to various army camps and naval bases"—she didn't mention names or places—"with entertainment units. It's rather silly, I think, for actresses to pour coffee when they can entertain the boys, and actors don't have to do canteen work when they, in their own line, can do so much more for the soldiers and sailors. And those boys are so grateful for a little entertainment that they make the most wonderful audience in the world. But, to get back to women doing war work in offices and the like, I must say that both girls and women who have volunteered their services are so serious about it, putting their whole heart and soul in it, that they can be trusted to keep secrets. This is equally true, I believe, of women generally today. They don't have to be warned."

She remained grave in her thoughts, then: "There's no question but that women do a lot of talking, but as a rule it's on

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light matters. Sometimes it makes you feel like saying, 'Come on, come on, get to the point!' But I'll confess I try to do what I dislike in other people. On the radio I always talk fast because it's easier that way to talk nonsense. Oh well, maybe I just do it naturally. I'm like all my family—walk fast, talk fast, boom, boom, boom."

Something told me that Gracie was slipping into gear.

"I can't keep anybody waiting, and I get nervous if anybody keeps me waiting." She seemed to be getting under motion. "I first talked fast when I was fifteen and I've never stopped. But if you think I talk fast, you ought to hear my two sisters. One of them hits such a clip that she gets all mixed up and has to start over again. When the three of us were at it, Mother used to say, 'What can you find to talk about all the time? Please let me have the floor a minute.' I don't know where the family got it from."

She pondered the mystery, only to turn abruptly and almost defensively with: "But look at the way men talk with bartenders. How do you explain that? You don't. It's just one of those things. But men don't talk much at home. Now, there's my husband, George Burns. Why, when somebody calls him on the telephone all he says is, 'Yes—no—goodbye.' 'George,' I tell him, 'you shouldn't do that. You ought to be nice and friendly, pass the time of day, and to show you're interested inquire about the way the person's feeling, for instance, if it's a woman be sympathetic and ask, "How's your foot?" Almost any woman is sure to have something the matter with at least one of her feet, so you can't go wrong. And you know, George, how I am at the telephone.' 'Yes,' he says, 'you stay on the wire till it curls up and goes to bed.' 'Now, George,' I point out to him, 'you are a man of intelligence who doesn't have to be told that the only kind of wire that can curl up and go to bed is the wire in a bedspring.' 'Leave it lay,' he moans. 'George,' I remind him, 'you know better than to use such English, a man of your education, my goodness! And, anyway, you say that just as if you weren't talking *over* the wire, but *through* the wire of a chicken-coop.' But before I can say anything more to help him, George stops his ears and jumps up and rushes out to his own room and slams the door. After a while I peek in at him and when I see him with his head in his hands I know George is thinking."

I started to remark, "Women telephoning—"

"Yes, isn't it the truth?" clicked Gracie, making a quick connection. "They're good at it. With a woman a telephone call is a social call. She has a lovely visit with her friend. Chatting away, she doesn't stay on the line just a few minutes, she hangs on anywhere from fifteen to half an hour. If you added up her talk day by day for a year you'd probably find that most of her public speaking, as you might say, is done by phone. Now, you wouldn't know about this, but the one place where she really enjoys letting herself go, conversationally, you understand, is a beauty shop. And that's where, of all places, she ought to keep still, because it's dangerous, my, yes! She *has* to talk loud under the dryer, and it's a safe bet she doesn't show any sign of throat trouble. Yet for all she knows she may be right next door to the wife of the man she's talking about, and that wife is apt to hear some choice things. To make it worse, some hairdressers and manicurists tell columnists what they've heard—there's money in it, you know, oh my, yes!—then the columnists spill it, and the fat's in the fire. It's enough to make your hair turn bleached. For another thing, take any party. The minute dinner's over, all the women make a bee-line for the powder room and, puff-puff, the air is full of gossip—honest, it's terrible! In New York it's not quite so bad because it's not quite so intimate, with so many dinner parties given in cafés and such, where like as not you don't know your elbow-neighbor in a powder room. But out here in Hollywood people go to other people's rooms and, good gracious, how they do let themselves go when they get there! You know, I often wonder about all this talking in the world, blah, blah, blah, tongues wagging till it's a wonder they don't drop off. The French talk an awful lot—you've noticed that, haven't you?

Hedy Lamarr visits George Montgomery on the set of "Ten Gentlemen from West Point." George is made up for his rôle in the picture.

—and so do the Mexicans and the Spanish. The funny thing about them is that they take a lot of words to say what we say in a few words, just as the two of us sitting here can get over what we mean without running on and on with words. But I must admit that women generally could accomplish great things if they didn't. Look at Margaret Mitchell. Although she simply *had* to write the biggest book of modern times, and by that I mean the longest book, 'Gone With the Wind' paid her so well that she certainly didn't waste any words, did she? Now, my sister Hazel is different, just doesn't care how many she wastes, even answers her own questions, and is always saying the wrong things, but she says this is okay by her because it keeps her talking. I do all right myself."

Granting as much, I wondered, "Do years—?"

"Yes, indeed they do make a difference," declared Gracie, helpfully taking the words right out of my mouth, bless her. "I think that the best years of a woman's life are spent talking. And if women tried to break themselves of the habit they really wouldn't be women, and men wouldn't like them so well. Talking echoes the best in a woman,

nd it's *some* echo!" Gracie squeezed in a ttle laugh. "It grows—the talking, I ıean—with years. When a girl gets to a ertain age, sixteen, say, life is grand, oh, oy! But as a talker she's just learning er A B C's. It's when a woman reaches orty that she's really good, for now she oes in for reminiscence, and that's where he shines. She has what you call back-round, and if she misses any part of it ou'd never notice it. She can draw herself ut, if you follow me, like a kitten with a all of yarn. All she needs is a man to isten to her."

I was anxious to know, "What is the—?"

"The effect on a man," deftly supplied Gracie, "is not so good, I'm afraid, but hat, of course, depends on the man. I once new of a strange case, rather sad case, oo, that of a man who took to eating ails, didn't actually swallow them whole, ou understand, but kept nibbling at them. Nobody could make out just what it was hat ailed him till an all-star cast of doc-ors held a consultation at his house and after hearing his wife's testimony brought n a verdict of loquacious anemia, or some-hing like that. The doctors said he could e kept alive with the proper kind of nour-shment, but the poor fellow just shook is head and reached for another nail. Of course, that was an extreme case. But speaking generally, I suspect that men get awfully bored, seeing as how they like to talk about themselves and don't get the chance to say anything personally interest-ing.

"The boys are like that, too. I remember a boy of six I was talking to one day who said, 'Aw, all right, get it over with!' Even he got tired. Lots of women talk a blue streak to men just to keep the ball rolling because they're terribly afraid of a wait, but I think they're wrong in supposing that this is entertaining to men, don't you? But when I stop talking I won't have a job, and it's the zany characters I play that make it necessary, though I guess I wouldn't know how to play anything else. And speaking of jobs, do you know why it is that a girl or a woman makes such a good stenographer? It's because she thinks so fast, and so all the time that the big boss behind the mahogany desk is dictating a letter or something she keeps a jump ahead of him. Of course, holding herself in like that, really going against Nature by not doing the talking herself, must be an awful strain on her. Just to make this clear to you, I'll put it in another way: You've gone to the matinée performance of a play? All right. Have you noticed something that always happens? It's what you might call psychological. The moment the curtain goes down on an act the women in the audience pipe up. They're so full of talk and they've held it in so long that they let loose like a bunch of magpies. I think that talking like that is a sign of nervousness, and women are more subject to it than men because they're highly strung or what have you."

As she paused for breath, I struggled to inquire, "It's their—?"

"That's it," confirmed the swiftly intuitive Gracie, "it's their delicate nervous system. What's more, women, especially modern women, are interested in so many things, even things quite outside themselves, which certainly is unselfish of them, isn't it? I don't know how true this is, but I've heard it's extroverts who do most of the talking and that there are more extrovert women than men. But how in the world does anybody know that? Do canvassers go around asking people, 'Are you an extrovert or an introvert?' and then figure it all out like a Gallup poll? To me, it's just that women are more curious than men, and they're not ashamed of their curiosity. A man finds out things by himself through introversion or something, but a woman likes company. And when it comes to that, she has an almost constant desire to be entertaining the opposite sex, which is very sweet of her. She's awfully interested in dress, of course, and you might call it her favorite subject of conversation, but don't forget, just the same, that she dresses, not for herself, but for men. Some women, I think, have too many interests for their own good, but it's a good thing they talk about them, because talking is an outlet and it kind of eases 'em up. I know it relaxes me more than anything else, takes the strain off my mind and gives me a nice loose comfy feeling. Not that everybody can do it, as if it were second or even first nature. I suppose it's a gift, and sometimes I wonder . . ."

In her musing, a strange calm stole over her. She sat mutely inert, her spirit dozing, her hands asleep in her lap. Rest, I felt, had gently touched her like a blessing. In the great silence, only the faint ticking of a clock was to be heard. Then, in sudden ecstasy, Gracie sprang up, her whole being vibrantly aroused, her face aglow with revelation, her eyes shining with the light of discovery.

"Wait, wait a minute!" she cried. "Now I have it—at last it has come to me—after all these years—just think of that—well, well, well!" She flung up her arms exultantly, triumph flashing from her fingertips. "Remember my saying I didn't know where our family got it from, the talking? But now I *do* know—and *how* we got it! My mother had two tongues!"

Amazed I gasped, "Two t—!"

"That's right," joyously pealed Gracie. "Mother was born with two tongues. One was clipped off, but just the same she had her say. And imagine my forgetting all about it! Oh well, now I know why I talk so much!"


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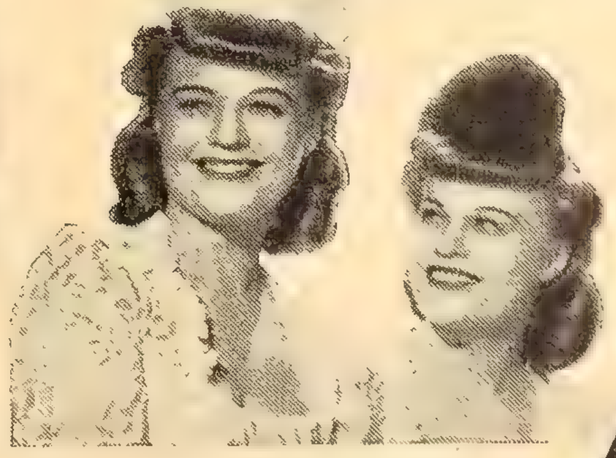

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# Everything Happens to Kay Kyser!

Continued from page 34

"He's got too much activity."

In high school, he was a model chap, however. He ran for most of the school offices and was elected. And he was in love.

"I got all A's in my classes, and I studied hard," Kay told me. "My girl was beautiful, but studies didn't come so easily to her, so I tried to help her. I'd coach her almost every night. We were really quite serious about each other.

"Well, one day she kicked me over for another fellow. I wouldn't have minded so much if he hadn't been the worst reprobate in town. He was a drinking man, and I never had touched liquor. I got so all-fired mad at my girl that I didn't know what to do.

"About a week after she had kicked me over, my rival invited me to a party at his house. I knew he wanted to gloat over his conquest. Finally, I decided to go. But I made up my mind that it wouldn't be the mousy and quiet Kyser that would go to that party. It would be a new man.

"Before the party, I stopped off at my Dad's drug store and sneaked a big sip of pure-grain alcohol. That stuff was just like dynamite as it seared its way down. Then I went to the party.

"When I got to the fellow's house, I was a burning mass of fire. I felt—and I guess I acted—like a new person. I threw open the door, stormed inside, and glared at everybody. The folks were all surprised, but that was what I wanted. Suddenly, I saw my girl. I marched over to her, grabbed her arm, and said, 'You're going to dance with me.' We danced for a while and then I dragged her over to a chair and made her sit down. 'We're going to talk,' I said. I told her what I thought of her, and then still under steam, I left her, saying, 'I'm tired of talking to you.'

"I walked into the room where some of the fellows were and started to brag about what I had done—about my caveman instincts and all. On a table there was a bowl of some fresh and artificial fruit all mixed together. While I talked, I ate a banana. Then I reached for some grapes. I ate almost a bunch of grapes before I realized that they were made of wax.

"Well, the next morning, my girl called me up—all full of remorse. She said she was sorry for what she had done and that she had thrown over the other guy. Then she said she couldn't let me lead a life of debauchery, and that she couldn't let me ruin my life.

"I let her bring me back to a sane life again," and here Kay chuckled. "We were sweethearts on a steady basis for the next two years. Eventually, though, it all blew up."

Incidentally, that alcohol was the last drink that Kay ever took. I know that to be true, for I've seen him around—and so help me, he always orders ginger ale.

Kay's college career was mainly a series of one achievement after another. He was too slight to make any athletic teams, so he worked on school publications, acted as impresario of the school's three most pretentious musical shows, and became the college's most successful cheer-leader. It was at the University of North Carolina that Kay's life suddenly began to take on the appearances of a sixteen-cylinder car mowing down an Austin, an appearance that has lasted with the energetic Kyser to this day.

He had had no ideas whatsoever of starting an orchestra. Hal Kemp was the school orchestra leader. But, one day, Kemp up and stated that he was leaving with his band.

"Why don't you start an orchestra, Kay?" he asked. "You're popular, and you can get a lot of fellows to join. You can't leave the school without an orchestra."

Kay finally decided that he'd combine his cheer-leading activities with a band, so a few days after Kemp left, he put up a sign on the bulletin board which read: "All musicians who want to form a new orchestra report to the gym at 3 this afternoon." About fifteen showed up.

"I took six men from the fifteen," Kay said. "They all played by ear. I sort of puttered around with a clarinet, but I certainly wasn't the musician the rest of the boys were. After a good deal of rehearsal and listening to records of big-name bands, we learned six numbers. We very frankly tried to copy the other top-notch orchestras since we had no arranger or anything like that.

"We clicked at the University all right, and then we got our chance to play our first big dance at the country club at Oxford. Five days before the event, I had the bad judgment to take on an attack of appendicitis."

Kay didn't mention the fact that he decided to have a local anaesthetic only so he could watch the whole operation. Four days later, he was back rehearsing for the dance.

"The dance was on a Friday night," Kay continued. "I didn't feel any too comfortable on that Friday morning. I got the most terrific case of cold feet. I was afraid the band would flop. So I told the boys that I had to go to bed early that night so I'd be ready for my cheer-leading duties the next day.

"The fellows played all right, but they played their six numbers over and over again in exactly the same rotation all evening. But since they clicked, I went to the rest of the dances myself and took over my place as the leader."

The band played all over the south for about a year. At the end of nine months, the orchestra numbered ten musicians.

"We felt pretty cocky with our success in the south, so we thought we ought to invade the north. A northern booker heard of us and booked us into a dance hall in Pennsylvania. When we got there, we

Lieut. James Stewart and Mercedes McCambridge were recently heard in a broadcast of "A Letter at Midnight," one of the patriotic plays in the series, Plays for Americans.

earned that the agent hadn't had time to make posters advertising us as 'Kay Kyser and his Band,' so he simply used some posters he had left over from a group called The Pennsylvanians. When we got to the dance hall on the evening of the dance, we saw ourselves billed as The Pennsylvanians.

"It might have been all right if we'd kept our mouths shut, but once I started to talk and my southern accent rolled out, the audience almost threw us out at first. Then they simply laughed and applauded. We thought we were a big hit. We were sure we were when the manager asked us to play there again the next night.

"We were pretty dumb, I guess. The next evening, we showed up at the hall, and the place was pitch dark. We waited two hours, and no one—not even the manager or stage hand—ever came. Then it was that we knew we had been given a royal rib."

Kay next took the band to Cleveland with the idea that they were booked there. Later he learned that four other bands had been promised the same job at the same place.

"We were stranded in Cleveland for four or five weeks," Kay said. "Our money was running out. We stayed in a fifty cent a night hotel and tried to dodge the landlady continually. We didn't want the gang back home to think we were flopping, so we went to a big hotel, borrowed their stationery, and told the folks what a big hit we were. Just as we were as desperate as we could be, a couple of girls in the town took two of the boys to a movie. The girls told them about a man at Geneva on the Lake who had a roller-skating rink that had been closed down. It was called the Bird Cage."

Kay went to see the man and was told that the Bird Cage would be opened up as a dance hall and that the band could play there. The only salary that could be guaranteed was a net fifty percent of all the place took in.

"You can sleep in the shack in back of the hall if you want to," the man told Kay. "There aren't any sheets, but there are blankets."

To make a long story short, the band caught on with the younger kids and practically ruined the big dance hall a short distance away. When the summer ended, Kay went back to North Carolina, taking with him a couple of northern musicians.

"We came back with the idea that we were going to study music," Kay remarked. "The others learned faster than I did, so I finally gave up my clarinet after a few months and devoted my time to organizing and leading."

After another season in the south, Kay took the band back to Cleveland where it played successfully; then they went to Ohio and Pennsylvania.

"We played the middle-west so thoroughly that we exhausted our bookings," Kay continued. "We'd also completely covered the south. We didn't know where to go because we weren't widely enough known. Out of a clear sky one day, I got a wire from Frank Martinelli, manager of the Bal Tabarin in San Francisco, offering the band a four weeks' engagement with a chance to stay on if we clicked.

"We were back home in North Carolina when the wire came, so I called a meeting of the boys at my house. We talked the matter over. We considered the expense involved in taking us 3000 miles across the continent, especially since we weren't too flush. We spent a whole evening trying to argue ourselves into being sensible. In the end, I sent a wire accepting the offer.

"After the decision was made, we rationed out our little money among each other, hoping that each fellow would have enough to get to San Francisco all right. We drove in our cars.

"I was in my car with a couple of boys from the band and we had gone as far as Truckee, California, when our money—and our gas—ran out. There was only one thing to do. To sit on the road and hope that eventually one of the other fellows from the band would drive up.

"We waited almost a day when the band's manager came up with his wife. He had no money, but his wife had ten dollars tucked away. Her mother had given it to her so she would at least have enough to make a phone call if necessary. Well, she lost her ten dollars. We used that to go on to San Francisco.

"None of us had thought about the toll bridges in San Francisco, so when we got there we found we couldn't get across the bridge because we didn't have enough money. Finally, Sully Mason, one of the musicians and the only member left of our original band, broke his baby's bank to pay for our way across.

"When we got into town, we were hungry and tired. We managed to stay at a little hotel. The proprietor served us our dinners in our rooms—and on the cuff. I didn't feel like going to Frank Martinelli and letting him know we were broke.

"As soon as we got there, we began to rehearse. We were to open on the following Sunday evening. We worked all day Sunday. I don't think I have ever been as exhausted or as depressed as I was then. I didn't know how we'd go over. The trip had been tough. And we were a long way from home.

"We managed to get through that first night, even though we had never played for a floor show before and had never played an hour broadcast. When it was all over, Mr. Martinelli came over to me and said, 'Kay, I think you're going to be a big hit.' That was the most welcome news I had heard. But I was naturally curious to know why he felt so sure. When I asked him, he said, 'Why? Because all the musicians think you stink.'"

Martinelli proved to be right, for Kay and the band stayed a year at the Bal Tabarin Café.

From San Francisco, Kay got an offer to go to the Black Hawk club in Chicago. It was a big chance, for Chicago was the testing ground of the up and coming bands.

Kay and the musicians arrived in time to begin rehearsal at the Black Hawk. There was only one thing wrong. The pianist hadn't arrived. And he had the music—and the arrangements, arrangements that had helped to make Kay's band unique.

Two days passed. Then three days. The fellows didn't know what to do. Kay thought of buying some stock arrangements or else making some new ones. Finally, the pianist arrived. Kay probably felt like murdering the man.

"What happened to you?" he asked the pianist.

"I got lost," was the answer.

"Didn't you ever hear of a thing called Western Union?" Kay asked.

That wasn't the end of their troubles before their opening in Chicago. The day before their début, the drummer had all of his equipment stolen, equipment valued at $1000. Then Sully Mason had his brand new uniform stolen. But the big thing was yet to come.

The day of the opening, the band was rehearsing. The big marquee over the stand looked very nice and quite luxurious. It spelled big time. And then it happened. With a deafening roar, the 2300-pound marquee came crashing down. Only a miracle kept the boys from being killed. The miracle was that the marquee didn't fall flat. It curved as it fell.

Kay's soloist had a couple of vertebrae cracked. Violins were broken. One fellow actually got a hair cut from the falling

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Not until after Sharon Douglas won a screen contract for her fine piece of dramatic acting as the daughter in "A Gentleman After Dark," did her studio discover that the lovely 19-year-old Sharon was mighty photogenic in a bathing suit.

marquee. And Kay came the closest to death that he probably ever will.

"Nevertheless, we opened that night with a tarpaulin as a drop to cover the hole in the wall. Our only light was a work light above us. I think Ted Weems summed up the situation with about as much humor as there could be when he said, 'I heard of Kyser's band being good, but I didn't think it would bring down the roof.'

"As for our being good, I didn't have any conclusive idea about that. And the first few weeks we played at the Black Hawk, I doubted our worth more and more. We played to practically empty houses. Then came Christmas week. All the kids from the neighboring colleges came to the Black Hawk. We found out later that they had liked our band on the radio, but they could never get in to the club. After they had started the ball rolling, we were packed every night."

When 1938 rolled around, Kay and the band started the College of Musical Knowledge. Their success was then firmly assured.

"After that, there was no more anxiety, no more worrying about where our next meal was coming from. Our only battle was a mental battle to stay on top. Hollywood has helped us with that battle."

One night on one of his College of Musical Knowledge broadcasts, a "quizee" came up to Kay's stand and said, "Mr. Kyser, here is a present for you." Kay almost collapsed. There she was holding a black cocker puppy in her arms, and the dog was dressed in a white professor's gown and a black cap.

Kay had previously stated over and over that he would have no more dogs. His first pet almost grieved itself to death when he went away for military training some years ago. Then he was given a beautiful police dog which was stolen. Those two experiences were enough for him. But one look at that cocker changed everything. He had to have him.

The pup is called Inky, and it's proved more than a trial to Kay. It went on the road with the band when Kay first got it, and everyone had a different idea as to how the dog should be fed. As a result, when the band finally arrived in Hollywood, the dog was so sick that it had to be taken to a hospital to get its stomach back in shape. And when it finally came home to Kay's apartment, it tore up furniture and rugs—and Kay paid out plenty.

While he was making his current picture, "My Favorite Spy," he got an urgent call from his home just as he was in the middle of a big scene. The cast and crew heard Kay yell over the phone, "Get a doctor at once. Don't let him die." They thought some relative was dying, for Kay was as white as a sheet. Later, they learned that Inky had gotten a bone stuck in his throat and the house boy was more than a little worried.

The only item that has saved Kay some anxiety is that Inky has been taught parlor manners by a regular trainer. That Kay has not had to do.

Kay is still undergoing the unusual. Recently, NBC and RKO decided to give him a birthday party and to have the newsreel photographers take pictures of the affair. A couple of weeks of intensive work had gone into the preparation. But at the last moment, the men needed to bring in the lights and equipment for the pictures could not get to the studio. And all because one man was picketing and they were members of the same union.

Then there was Kay's duelling with John Barrymore in "Playmates." He took enough falls to last him a life time. But he's getting more ribbing from his gang now because of his movie marriage in "My Favorite Spy." Kay has never been married in a picture, so he was rather elated when the first scene showed him marching to the altar. His "bride," unfortunately, is Ellen Drew, who was only recently married to Sy Bartlett.

"Ellen's not here at all," Kay told me. "She's got moon in her eyes. She thinks she's back in Washington with her husband. It's a crime, that's what it is!"

Ask the boys in Kay's band about him and they'll tell you that he is forever losing his radio script in the middle of a broadcast and having to *ad lib*. In fact, he *ad libs* most of his shows. And they'll take special delight in telling you of the time Kay was chased by a cook.

It seems that Kay was very fussy about how his eggs were fixed in restaurants, and he was accustomed to going back to the cook to give minute directions. Well, on this certain occasion, Kay went into the kitchen and came flying out a minute later with the chef after him, waving a meat cleaver in one hand. Now Kay takes his eggs as he gets them.

Yes, everything happens to Kay, but he's seen to it that some very nice things happen to other people. Take Ginny Simms, for instance.

Hollywood is still guessing about Kay and Ginny—are they married or aren't they, have they fought, are they washed up, etc. From here, the possibility that they may be married cannot be too casually passed up. From many indications, it does seem that Kay is in love with Ginny and she with him. But of late, she has gone out with Helen Parrish's brother and Kay has dated Linda Darnell and others. Yet they see each other often.

When Ginny left him to work exclusively for RKO, there was talk that they had had a difference of opinion. That is far from the truth. Kay, who has spent his life helping others up the ladder, took a back seat, dismissed his own personal feelings, and all to give Ginny the chance he felt she deserved. It was no small thing he did for her. He had worked with her for a long time, teaching her poise, helping her to put feeling into her songs. He had built her up into a valuable attraction and her loss to him and the band can be measured in the thousands of dollars. But the only thing that mattered to Kay was her big chance. Now, RKO is planning on making Ginny Simms a star.

Ginny was born in San Antonio, Texas, but grew up in Fresno, California. She had planned to teach in school since she had specialized in music. To occupy some spare moments, she organized a trio of girls. They went to San Francisco for auditions. Nothing happened, but Ginny stuck. Eventually, she landed an interview with Kay who was playing at the Bal Tabarin. Kay liked her voice, but told her that he wasn't in the market for any vocalist yet. He advised her to gain some poise and to keep in touch with him. "If there ever is a place for you," he told her, "I'll see that you get the chance."

Ginny then joined Tom Gerun's band and went to Chicago. A year after her first interview with Kay, Gerun's band broke up and she was hired by Kyser. He was playing at the Black Hawk at the time, and his radio sponsors decided that a feminine vocalist would give a lift to the program.

For the first time, Ginny will not be in Kay's new picture, "My Favorite Spy." In his other three films, she played featured rôles. And both are missing each other more than a little.

Such is the story of Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms—and the authentic one.

As Ginny can quickly tell you, Kay is a modest and self-effacing guy. His sense of humor is terrific. He gags continually. He is the busiest fellow in six counties, working seventeen hours a day and holding conferences at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. He is fanatic about one thing only—and that is getting seven hours of sleep a night. He is so conscientious that he drives himself twice as hard as anyone who works for him, and he worries like an old grandpa over his boys.

While he takes his work seriously, he doesn't take himself seriously. His only aversion is mustaches, and he will not permit any of his band to grow one. His pet hobby is to attend movies, and he goes for everything from Mickey Mouse to heavy drama.



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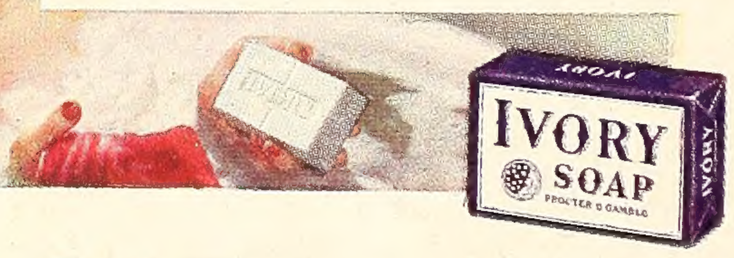


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